

I.R. NEWSPAPER REGD
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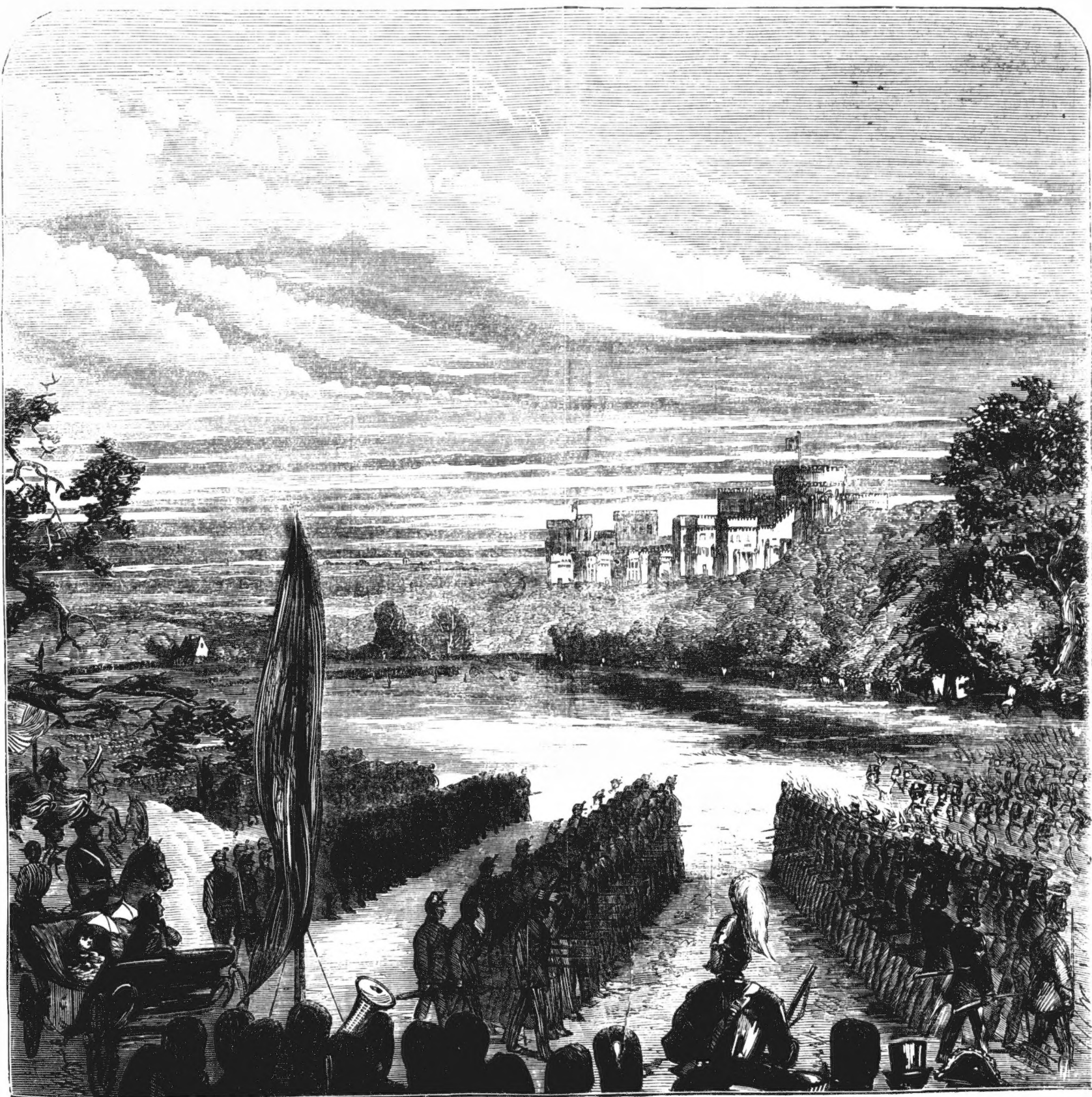
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LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 27, 1868.

[ONE PENNY.]



THE QUEEN REVIEWING THE VOLUNTEERS IN WINDSOR PARK.

IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

THE House of Lords, during a short sitting of twenty minutes on Monday evening, forwarded several bills a stage, but none of them possessed any features of public importance.

On Tuesday, the appearance of the House of Lords gave no hint of the disappointment in store for those who had anticipated a discussion upon the principles of the Scotch Reform Bill. Although the benches on either side were by no means crowded, there was quite as large an attendance of peers as could have been anticipated, considering that there was no probability of a division upon the second reading of the measure. The Earl of Malmesbury offered no explanation of the provisions of the bill, and the suggestion of the Duke of Argyll, that as it had only been delivered that morning the discussion should be postponed until their lordships were asked to go into committee, met with universal acquiescence.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

On Thursday Sir S. Northcote stated, in reply to Mr. Baillie Cochrane, that, on the urgent recommendation of Sir R. Napier, six months' batta would be allowed to the troops employed in the Abyssinian expedition.—Lord R. Montagu, in reply to Mr. Horsfall, said that it was the intention of Government to extend the operation of the Order in Council on the importation of foreign cattle until the assembling of the next Parliament.—On the motion of Mr. Disraeli, it was agreed to renew the standing order of last year for holding day sittings at two o'clock during the remainder of the session.—The House then went into Committee on the Irish Reform Bill, when Mr. Disraeli explained that the Government did not intend to insist on the Redistribution clauses; and were prepared to withdraw them from the Bill. The clauses relating to disfranchisement and redistribution were then struck out of the Bill.—Mr. C. Fortescue moved a new clause providing that in all future Parliaments the University of Dublin and the Queen's University in Ireland should jointly return two members. The motion was opposed by Government, and negatived on a division by 183 to 173.—Sir C. O'Loughlin moved a clause to abolish the freeman franchise, saving existing rights. The motion was opposed by Government, and negatived on a division by 155 to 109.—Mr. Fawcett moved a clause disfranchising the borough of Portlinton, and transferring the seat to the Queen's University. The motion was opposed by Government, and negatived on a division by 210 to 55.—Colonel French moved a clause reducing the franchise in counties from a £12 to an £8 occupation. The motion was opposed by Government, and negatived on a division by 241 to 205.—Dr. Brady then moved that the Chairman report progress.—The motion having been negatived by 289 to 77, Sir J. Grey moved a clause that votes at Irish elections be taken by ballot. On a division the clause was rejected by 225 to 125.—The Bill, as amended, then passed through Committee.—The Electric Telegraphs Bill was read a second time, and referred to a Select Committee.—The Scotch Reform Bill was read a third time, and passed.

On Friday, after some private business had been disposed of, the House was counted out shortly after 4 p.m.

On Monday, the Chancellor of the Exchequer stated, in reply to Sir F. Heygate, that although no half-crown pieces had been coined and issued from the Mint for several years past, it was not intended to withdraw them from circulation.—The Earl of Mayo, replying to an inquiry of Sir C. O'Loughlin, expressed the wish of the Government to issue a Royal Commission on the tenure and occupation of land in Ireland; but, as it was desirable that members of both Houses should serve upon it, they felt that it would be impossible to do so until the new Parliament had met.—Lord Stanley stated, in answer to Mr. Lefevre, that the Government entirely concurred in the general scope and tendency of the recommendation of the Neutrality Commission, but that in the present state of business it would be useless to attempt legislation on the subject in the course of this Session. If the opportunity were afforded him, however, he should be prepared to do so on the assembling of the new Parliament.—Mr. Monk, calling attention to the "count out" on Friday last, complained that by not keeping a House on that occasion the Government had failed to redeem the promise, given him by the Premier, to facilitate the discussion of his bill conferring the parliamentary franchise on the officers of the revenue department of the public service. The hon. member concluding with the motion for adjournment, upwards of three-quarters of an hour was consumed with the discussion which followed.—The Lords' amendments to the Sea Fisheries Bill were discussed at some length, and gave rise to two divisions, but in the end the amendments were agreed to.—On the motion for going into committee on the Government of India Act Amendment Bill, Lord W. Hay entered into some criticisms of the measure, which, in his view, did not carry a change in the constitution of the Council far enough. The only proposal of importance it contained was to make the term of office for which the members were appointed twelve years instead of for life, or good behaviour; but the power of the Council to overrule the Secretary of State for India in matters connected with revenue and expenditure was left untouched. Moreover, he thought that the persons composing the Council should have ten or twelve years of recent experience in Indian affairs. The discussion was continued by Mr. Mill, Colonel Sykes, Sir H. Rawlinson, and Sir S. Northcote. The right hon. baronet urged that the Indian Government was now a branch of the Imperial Executive, but it was desirable to give greater administrative strength to the Governor-General, and experience had shown that it was well to keep the control in a body apart from the House of Commons, and placed beyond political considerations.—The House then went into committee, and after passing a few clauses, progress was reported.—The House then resumed the consideration of the Irish Reform Bill.

On Tuesday, the discussion of the provisions of the Public Schools Bill (in committee), which occupied the whole of the early sitting of the House of Commons, branched out into a variety of topics of more or less interest and importance.—Mr. Newdegate made two ineffectual attempts to prolong the existence and extend the authority permitted to the existing governing bodies by the bill; but the amendments which he proposed were supported in the lobby by only very small minorities.—The division upon this question exhausted the time allotted to the morning sitting, and when the chairman reported progress many clauses of the bill remained to be considered.—Nothing could possibly be less encouraging than the cold and listless demeanour of the two or three score of members to whom upon the re-assembling of the House at nine o'clock Lord Elcho undertook to explain the defects of our army of reserve. The noble lord went steadily through the task which he had set himself, welcoming with eager gratitude the faintest cheer of assent which was aroused by any of his observations; but he could not resist the depressing influence of the languor which affected his hearers, and his address was very slightly characterised by the eager buoyancy of his usual style.—Some talk about the scene of confusion at the Windsor review followed, and then the motion for a commission was withdrawn, not, however, until Lord Elcho had replied to the arguments advanced against it with much more liveliness than he was able to command in introducing the question.

THE 55s. HAND-SEWING MACHINE (American manufacture), will hem, fell, bind, tuck, run, quilt, embroider, and do every kind of family sewing. Every Machine warranted. See patterns of work and testimonials, post free.—J. L. WEIR, 2, Carlisle-st., Soho-sq., W. (not Charles-st.). Agents wanted.

COURT AND SOCIETY.

SATURDAY being the anniversary of Her Majesty's accession to the throne the bells of the parish churches of St. Bride's, Fleet-street, St. Dunstan's, St. Martin-in-the-Fields, St. Mary Abbott, Kensington, St. John's, St. Margaret's, Westminster, and of other churches, rang merry peals. The household troops paraded, guns fired, the shipping in the river was gaily decorated, and the usual demonstrations of loyalty were evinced.

THE Queen, Prince Leopold, and Princess Beatrice left Buckingham Palace on Tuesday morning at a quarter-past ten o'clock, attended by the Duchess of Roxburghe and the Equerries in Waiting. Her Majesty drove to the station of the Great Western Railway at Paddington, escorted by a detachment of the 17th Lancers, and proceeded by special train to Windsor. Her Majesty arrived at the Castle shortly after eleven o'clock.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ARTHUR, who has just received a commission in the corps of Royal Engineers, arrived at the garrison on Tuesday, for the purpose of commencing his military duties at the Royal Engineer Establishment. His Royal Highness was received at the Chatham Railway Station by Major-General F. Murray, commanding this division; Major-General J. L. A. Simmons, C.B., director of the Royal Engineer Establishment; and the principal officers and heads of departments. A guard of honour of the Royal Marines, with the band and colours, received His Royal Highness with the usual salute. After proceeding to the headquarters of the Royal Engineers, Brompton Barracks, where the entire battalion was drawn up to receive him, His Royal Highness went to Government-house and took luncheon with Major-General F. Murray, a select party of officers being assembled to meet him.

HER MAJESTY the Queen gave a breakfast on Monday afternoon, from half-past four to half-past seven o'clock, in the gardens of Buckingham Palace, where tents had been erected and preparations made for the occasion. The following Royal visitors arrived shortly after half-past four o'clock, and were received at the garden entrance of the Palace by the Vice-Chamberlain, and conducted to Her Majesty's tent near the ornamental water: The Prince and Princess of Wales, accompanied by the Crown Prince of Denmark, and attended by Viscountess Walden, Lieutenant-Colonel Keppel, and Captain Lund. The Prince and Princess Louis of Hesse, attended by Baroness Grancy, Baron von Rabenau, and Major von Hesse.—Prince and Princess Christian, attended by Lady Susan Melville and Lieutenant-Colonel Gordon. The Duchess of Cambridge, attended by Lady Geraldine Somerset and Major-General Lord F. Paulet. The Duke of Cambridge, attended by Colonel Tyrwhitt. The Prince and the Princess of Teck, attended by Lady Caroline Cust and Colonel Clifton. The Duke and Duchess d'Aumale. The Duke and Duchess Philip of Wurtemberg, attended by the Countess Auerperg and Baron Guttentberg.

The Queen, accompanied by Princess Louise, Prince Arthur, Prince Leopold, and Princess Beatrice, conducted by the Lord Chamberlain, and attended by the Duchess of Wellington (Mistress of the Robes), and the Duchess of Roxburghe (Lady in Waiting), entered the gardens at 5 o'clock, and proceeded to Her Majesty's tent. Refreshments were served in tents upon the ground, and also in the lower dining-room of the Palace. The band of the 2nd Life Guards (conducted by Mr. H. Froehner), and the band of the Grenadier Guards (conducted by Mr. D. Godfrey), played alternately during breakfast. Her Majesty's Private Band was also in attendance, under the direction of Mr. W. G. Cousins. The Tyrolean Singers were in attendance, and had the honour of performing before Her Majesty. The Royal Body Guard of the Yeomen of the Guard was on duty in the Grand Hall of the Palace, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel C. Patterson, the Exon-in-waiting. A guard of honour of the Grenadier Guards was mounted in the court of the Palace. The invitations to the breakfast included four archbishops, twenty-one dukes, twenty-two duchesses, twenty marquises, fifteen marchionesses, and a large number of lords, ladies, and gentlemen.

THE QUEEN OF MADAGASCAR.—Letters from Antananarivo, dated April 2, announce the death of the Queen of Madagascar, on the 1st of that month, at Ambobimanga, a so-called sacred city, nine miles from the capital, to which place she had removed after her return from her visit to the coast in the autumn. An attempt had been made, in which some of the Christians are said to have been implicated, by some parties in the capital to seize the palace and dispute the succession; but the leaders had been arrested, and Ramana, the sister of the late Queen, proclaimed Sovereign, under the title of Ranavalona, the name of the late Radama.

ROBBERY OF £3,000.—Samuel Thompson, a young man, respectably dressed, was charged on Saturday before the Lord Mayor with a robbery. On Friday afternoon Mr. Christopher Jones, collector to Messrs. Durrant and Co., silk brokers, of Cophthall-court, was walking along St. Mary-axe, and carrying in his hand a large pocket-book containing three cheques on Messrs. Glyn and Co., for nearly £3,000, crossed and payable to bearer. Some person from behind snatched it away from him, and thinking it was a practical joke by a friend, he turned quietly round and saw the prisoner running away. He called "Stop thief," and the prisoner was stopped by Louis Zelaski, a commission agent, in Broad-court, Bow-street. The prosecutor took the book, which he found to be perfectly safe, from the prisoner's hand. The prisoner gave a false address.—The Lord Mayor remanded the prisoner for a week.

A SEASONABLE SUGGESTION.—"Sanitas," writing to the *Medical Press and Circular*, refers to the folly of persons plunging into a bath after a full meal, thus risking sudden death from congestion or some other fatal mischief. Numbers who escape such a calamity are sufferers for their imprudent mode of immersion, shiverings, headaches, and other symptoms often succeeding; but the true cause rarely suspected. The writer therefore suggests that notices should be put up in appropriate places, requesting no person will bathe within two hours of a meal, and suggesting the desirableness of all persons consulting their medical adviser before taking a sea bath as to the need or benefit of doing so.

CANALS.—The Austrian steamer arrived at Greenock on Monday from Quebec on the 13th inst. The Canadian authorities were taking precautions against the threatened Fenian invasion. The Canadian Senate had passed a resolution requesting the President to intercede with Queen Victoria for the release of Father Mathew, the Fenian prisoner. The House of Representatives had passed a resolution for the release of Father Mathew, the Fenian prisoner. The House of Representatives had passed a resolution for the release of Father Mathew, the Fenian prisoner.

PROTESTANTISM IN BOHEMIA.—On Monday evening a public meeting was held in the lower room, Exeter-hall, to receive information as to the present openings for the extension of the Protestant faith in Bohemia. General Walker presided. From a statement made by the Rev. Dr. Blackwood, it appeared that recent proceedings of the Austrian Government to religious liberty had opened the way for the revival of pure Protestant liberty in Bohemia, and, as a suitable commemoration of the fifth centenary of John Huss, it had been resolved to raise a fund to establish in Prague a college for students of the ministry, to establish training institutions for Protestants at school teachers in suitable localities, &c. Sir John Lubbock and Mr. Schubert addressed the meeting in favour of these and kindred objects, after which a resolution, moved by the Rev. Dr. Blackwood, and seconded by Mr. A. King, was passed, that the work was worthy of the support of British Christians, and was unanimously adopted.

HOME AND DOMESTIC.

THE new fortifications at Hurst Castle, at the entrance of the Solent, are nearly completed.

THE next mails for Australia will be despatched from London, via Southampton, on the morning of Saturday, July 11; and via Marseilles on the evening of Friday, July 17.

COLONEL ROSS, having successfully completed the organization of the new Indian transport service through Egypt, left Alexandria on Tuesday for England.

ADMIRAL FARRAGUT, in the United States flagship Franklin, arrived in Southampton Waters, on Wednesday. The Admiral purposes to pay a visit to Scotland during the stay of his vessel at Southampton.

SIR ROBERT NAPIER and the son of the late King Theodore arrived at Alexandria on Saturday. The English residents tendered their congratulations to the gallant general on his success in Abyssinia.

On Sunday afternoon the excessive sultriness in Scotland culminated in a thunder-storm of brief duration and moderate intensity. While it lasted rain fell heavily—a welcome circumstance, doubtless, for agriculturists, whose crops now stand in great need of moisture.

"ELECTION SATURDAY" at Eton falls this year on the 25th July, and the college will close for the autumn vacation on Friday, the 31st July. The holidays will last till Wednesday September 16th, when the lower boys return to the school, and the fifth and sixth forms are to arrive on the two following days.

This week the order of Sir Richard Mayno on dogs has taken effect, and a difference in the number of wandering dogs in the streets is said already to be perceptible. According to the present law it is not now necessary to prove that a dog is in a rabid state in order to warrant its destruction; but a magistrate is empowered, on complaint that a dog has bitten or attempted to bite any person, to order its destruction by a police-constable.

A BOILER explosion, by which one man was killed and several others seriously injured, took place on Saturday, at the Fire Clay Works of Messrs. Kitson and Son, situated between Lizard and Elland. The boiler was one of Wright's patents, and was placed in the works new about four years ago. It was considered to be in excellent working order, and nothing has yet been discovered to throw light upon the cause of the accident.

We learn with sincere gratitude that Mr. Disraeli has responded to the appeal made to him on behalf of the orphan children of John and Anne Leech, and has caused the pension granted to their late mother to be continued to them. This act of kindness and consideration on the part of the Premier will assuredly be appreciated by all who cherish John Leech's memory and deplore his early death.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

AN agreeable change was manifest in the early part of the week in the appearance of the weather in the north of England. On Sunday showers fell in some places, continuing for some hours, and accompanied with thunder, in the North Riding of Yorkshire, Durham, Westmoreland, and parts of Northumberland; and on Monday still further showers fell more continuously, judging from the overcast appearances of the sky and the readings of the barometer. Much more, however, will be required to put a better face on the crops. Pastures are very bare and brown.

On Tuesday evening the annual civic banquet to the archbishops, bishops, and clergy took place in the Egyptian-hall, Mansion-house, under the presidency of the Lord Mayor. The guests, 220 in number, included Archbishops of Canterbury, York, and Armagh; the Bishop of London, the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, the Bishop of Ely, the Bishop of Rochester, the Ven. the Chaplain-General of the Forces and Mrs. Gleig, and a number of the clergy. The dinner was given according to custom, after the service at St. Paul's Cathedral in aid of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel.

A NOVEL sale took place at the auction rooms of Messrs. Debenham and Storr, in Garrick-street, on Monday. The rooms were hung round with ecclesiastical vestments of every description, and of the most costly character. There were copes, stoles, dalmatics, albs, tunicles, maniples, chasubles, cassocks, beretras, banners, and everything else which the most ardent Ritualist could require for carrying out in the most complete style the various offices of the Church. The novelty of the sale attracted a considerable number of clergy and laity interested in such matters, and good prices were realised for some of the articles more generally used.

THE one hundred and sixty-seventh anniversary of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, was celebrated on Tuesday afternoon by a grand choral service in St. Paul's Cathedral. The Lord Mayor and Sheriffs attended in state, and the bishop of the diocese, together with the dean and canons and many others of the clergy, were present. There was a large congregation, composed for the most part of ladies, the choir for the occasion being reinforced by members of the choirs of the Chapel Royal, Westminster Abbey, and the Temple Church. The fine music of Purcell, Mendelssohn, and Handel was sung, and heard to great effect in the anthems selected for the service. Mr. Cooper presided at the organ, which gave way in the final anthem, and the singing had to be continued without the accompaniment.

On Friday morning shortly after 11 o'clock, a lady and two daughters were being driven by their coachman to the Crystal Palace, and as the carriage reached that part of the Vauxhall-bridge-road which leads to Upper Tachbrook-street, one of the young ladies asked the coachman the way he intended taking. No answer being returned, the question was repeated with the same result. The ladies got alarmed, and the carriage was stopped, when it was found that the coachman was sitting on the box in an almost insensible state. He was taken down from the seat and carried to a chemist's shop, and medical assistance being obtained every attention was paid to him, but after lying there for nearly two hours he was removed to St. George's Hospital, where he died soon after being admitted.

On Monday Her Majesty's Judges, the members of the bar, &c., were entertained at a banquet in Haberdashers'-hall by Mr. Sheriff Stone and Mr. Sheriff McArthur, sheriffs of London and Middlesex. The company included the Chief Baron Kelly, Vice-Chancellor Stuart, Vice-Chancellor Malins, Mr. Justice Lush, Mr. Justice Hannen, Mr. Headlam, M.P., Sir R. P. Collier, M.P., Mr. Huddleston, M.P., the Queen's Advocate, Mr. T. Chambers, M.P., Mr. Serjeant Gaselee, M.P., Mr. Gilpin, M.P., Sir G. Honyman, Mr. O'Malley, Q.C., Mr. Giffard, Q.C., Mr. Serjeant Parry, Mr. Serjeant Pulling, Mr. Serjeant Atkinson, Mr. Serjeant Payne, Alderman Sir W. Carey, Sir W. Rose, Sir T. Gabriel, Cotton, Causton; General Sir W. Codrington; the Masters of the Vintners, Mercers, Ironmongers, Clothworkers, Skinners, Merchant Taylors, and Drapers' Companies.

THE HARVEST IN FRANCE.—"The prospects of the harvest," says the *Moniteur*, "continue to progress admirably under the influence of the heat now prevailing. The wheat is filling out so to say, visibly; in the South, the ripening goes on well, and in all parts the flowering and forming of the ear are in the best condition. The rye, barley, and winter oats, present the finest appearance. The spring cereals are growing rapidly, and, in fact, everything looks well in the fields. The *Journal d'Agriculture Pratique* states that, with very few exceptions, the wheat crop will be good, and perhaps more than sufficient for the necessities of the population. The vine also promises well. Within living memory it has never been so precocious as this year in the centre of France. At this moment the grape, perfectly formed, is already of a considerable size, and an exceptional yield as to quality is expected."

FOREIGN AND GENERAL.

THE Emperor and Empress of the French will remain at Fontainebleau about six weeks, after which their Majesties will spend some time at the waters of Plombières, whence his Majesty, it is supposed, will visit the camp of Châlons.

THE King of Prussia arrived at Hanover on a visit to the King of Hanover on Monday. His Majesty was received with enthusiastic cheering from the crowds that assembled. The town was brilliantly decorated, and fine weather prevailed.

THE Ottoman Government has decided on the construction of gunboats and small armour-plated batteries of a new model destined for the navigation of the Danube and the protection of the Adriatic coast. The building of the vessels has been confined for the most part to private firms in France.

THE Duchess de Morny, who was married to her Spanish husband Duke de Sesto, is now in Paris with him. But taking the choice of a very long list of hereditary Spanish titles, they intend to be called in future the Duke and Duchess d'Albuquerque.

ISMAIL PACHA, the Viceroy of Egypt, who is now at Constantinople, is coming to Paris before he returns to Cairo. A chalet has been taken for him between Baghien and Montmorency, and it is said that he wishes to try the Baghien sulphureous waters for a chronic sore throat from which he suffers.

THE North German Parliament was closed on Saturday by the King of Prussia. In his speech his Majesty expressed his satisfaction at the results of the session, especially at the loan that had been sanctioned for the development of the navy and the completion of the coast defences.

A CATASTROPHICAL fire has occurred at the Palace of the Luxembourg in Paris. The plaster-work of the fine dome of the library, painted by Eugene Delacroix, has fallen down, and broken to pieces. The fragments have been carefully taken up and conveyed to some of the studios of the Louvre, where Count de Nieuwerkerke is having them placed together again.

LETTERS from Vienna state that on the day of Corpus Christi the processions, contrary to custom, did not make the tour of the churches, but took place in the interior of the buildings. The Emperor and all his family sanctioned the change by their attendance. This circumstance though unimportant in itself, is not thought of a nature to render the disposition of the Holy See more amenable towards the Austrian Government.

IN Monday's sitting of the Legislative Body of France, M. Emile Ferry protested against the accusation recently made by M. Rouyer Quatier in reference to the administration of the affairs of the Transatlantic Company. He stated that he would shortly publish documents to refute these accusations, and he confirmed the rumour that he had resigned his position as a director of the company.

IN Monday's sitting of the Italian Chamber of Deputies at Florence, General Menabrea congratulated the House upon the assiduity and intelligence which it had displayed in the discussion and adoption of the important financial measures proposed by the ministry. The Chamber was entitled to the gratitude of the nation, and deserved repose, but measures of administration and reform were still required to complete its work.

THE youthful Queen Olga of Greece is in an interesting situation, and the Athens journals state that the Hellenic government is about to send a superior officer to Western Europe to order for the christening of the expected heir a baptismal font of massive silver, at a cost of 300,000 fr. to be defrayed by subscriptions entered into by the various communes of the kingdom. The Mayor of Athens has already set the example by inscribing the council of that capital for £800.

THE Press of Vienna speaks of a *souvenir* which the Empress Charlotte has just sent to various persons who were intimately known to her and the Emperor Maximilian. It consists of a photographic copy of a picture which was painted according to the Emperor's directions. He is represented standing on the deck of a sinking ship, and pressing the flag to his bosom. These photographs bear the dates of the birth and death of the Emperor, with the words in French, "Priez pour lui!"

M. HENRIOT, of Liege, born deaf and dumb, and who has devoted 40 years to the instruction of his brothers in misfortune, has just received from the King of the Belgians the cross of the order of Leopold. He was a pupil of the Abbé Sicard, and with M. Poupin, whose son-in-law he became, was the founder of the Institution des Sourds-et-Muets in the above-named town. On this occasion a large number of his former pupils waited on him to congratulate him, and to present to him an address, which was communicated by signs, and to which M. Henriot replied in the same manner.

PARIS has been a little moved by the appearance of a small scintillating periodical named *La Lanterne*, published weekly, and entirely written by the cleverest of all the light French chroniclers, Henri Rochefort. Years ago Alphonse Karr brought out a similar publication, entitled *Les Guepes*. These insects, guided by Karr's clever pen, buzzed and stung in the fiercest manner, caused much excitement, and were caught and read with the utmost avidity; but their success was no greater than that of Rochefort's *Lanterne*. When the little scintillating book appeared on Saturday it was eagerly asked for, from curiosity and interest; for Rochefort's articles are always much appreciated. This first number was so much enjoyed that the second sold with the utmost rapidity. Now this second number was found by ministerial eyes to be so *mechant* that it was forbidden, as well as all its successors, to be sold at any of the glass kiosks which are placed on the boulevards for the sale of newspapers. This decree, on the principle of forbidden fruit, raised its success tremendously; everyone was reading, until now each number has brought £400 to M. Rochefort.

JACQUES MARIE ARMAND, Count de Guerry, de Beauregard and Manbreuil, and Marquis d'Orvault, whose extraordinary marriage with a hackney coachman's daughter and fallen woman, Mlle. Schumacker, made a great deal of noise a short time ago, died on Thursday morning at the age of 85. This representative of a great family expired in a humble lodging which he had for some time occupied, in great poverty, in a *maison meuble*. About two months ago the Marquis d'Orvault went to England in the hope of getting in some money which was owing, or which he fancied was owing to him. The journey was probably not successful, as after his return he became exceedingly low-spirited. It is stated that his widow, La Marquise d'Orvault, telegraphed to two noble relations of the deceased, to ask whether they would wish to have the corpse embalmed and sent for interment to the family vault in La Vendée. They replied that they had no wish on the subject, and that the Marquis might do as he pleased. As a matter of fact, the Marquis was buried at Père La Chaise. The Marquise, who followed the hearse in a mourning carriage, provided him with a first-class funeral. The only mourners on foot were his doctor and M. Belmontel, the deputy. The Marquis d'Orvault was a tall, fine-looking man, with a bald head and a flowing white beard. In dress and demeanour he looked the old soldier he was. He had his feet frozen when in Russia, and in consequence always wore immensely thick shoes.

THE HAIR.—All its beauty may be retained, and although grey it may be restored by using Mrs. S. A. Allen's improved and combined World's Hair Restorer and Dressing. Price six shillings. Her Zylobalsamum at Three shillings will beautify the hair of the young.—European Depot, 266, High Holborn. Sold by all wholesale dealers, and retail by most chemists and perfumers.—[ADVERT.]

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—The performances of the past week have been full of interest and variety, having included "Don Giovanni," "L'Africaine," and "Il Barbiere." "L'Africaine" for the first time this season, having been postponed from Thursday week in consequence of the indisposition of Mlle. Pauline Lucca. "L'Africaine" has a special interest as being the final production of its composer, while the gorgeous splendour with which it is given at the Royal Italian Opera House would render it admirable as a spectacle were it even devoid of musical merit. This year's performance displays the same characteristics in this respect that distinguished its former representations. Mlle. Lucca sings and acts with intense dramatic power and feeling, and gives the slumber song in the second act, "In grembo," with great effect. Mr. Gye, however, is singular in his choice of new singers. The last of his engagements announced has been that of Madame Rey Balla. This is a French lady, with a stout voice, who was unable to make a position in Paris, and has been singing in the provinces. He seems "fully bent" to give his rival manager every opportunity, having at the time being only two first-class artists in his establishment—Mr. Costa, with his orchestra, and Mlle. Adelina Patti; the wane of Signor Mario's fascinating powers, however, regretted, not to be denied.—At Her Majesty's no new works have been produced, but the success of the season is quite beyond question.

ST. JAMES'S.—M. Ravel and the company engaged to support him, and whose season is now over, have certainly been the means of introducing to the English stage some of the most popular pieces of the modern French theatre, and merit thanks accordingly. The selection made has been judicious, and has served, among other things, to show that in the drama of our neighbours a great and important step has been recently secured in advance, and the wholesome tone of their later productions is unquestionable. We must still allow for a certain piquancy in the dialogue to which the language itself tempts the French dramatist, in the delicate inflexions which it affords, enabling him to give a subtle expression to certain witty remarks, which in bald English would be coarse, and, indeed, even in the original hover on the verge of impropriety. With this allowance, we may accept the tendency of the dramas lately acted, one or two of which we have endeavoured to interpret in recent criticisms, as decidedly moral in tendency, temper and subject, notwithstanding occasional freedoms in the conversational portion.

PRINCESS'S.—Mr. Allerton, the new Hamlet, deserves credit for the touches of tenderness with which he varies his situation. His by-play during the play scene is of the usual kind; but in the closet scene with his mother, we have to record a startling novelty. Mr. Allerton permits only the voice of the spirit to be heard, not its form to be seen, and in this manner lends remarkable force to "Gertrude's" remarks on the "bodiless creation" which she so readily accepts as a proof of her son's insanity. Nor will he allow the act to be closed with this situation, but continues it through the first scene of the fourth act, letting the curtain fall on Hamlet's departure for England. An interval is thus gained for the strange events which precede his return. Mr. Allerton is a man who decides for himself.

QUEEN'S.—A piece of extravagance thoroughly suited to the season, for it is real midsummer madness, has been produced at the Queen's Theatre. Its title is "Fowl Play; or, A Story of Chikkin Hazard," and its author, Mr. F. C. Burnard. Like all recent burlesques from the same pen, it is almost devoid of literary merit. It has, however, so much "go," such good stage business, and such riotous absurdity of situation that convulses with laughter an audience. The plot of the famous drama it parodies is closely followed, so closely, indeed, that but for the wonderful costumes and the extravagant acting it would not be difficult to fancy that some scenes were taken from the original piece. Capital dresses and scenery are provided. A view of the Toy Island, brimful of wonders of a mechanical kind with which children are familiar, caused a burst of well-deserved applause. Miss Hodson was excellent in all respects as Helen, dancing and singing with infinite grace, and contriving to look excessively pretty in each consecutive change of dress, from her first costume as a bath at Biarritz to her last, when an abnormal development of train seriously incommoded her action. Miss E. Farren made her first appearance at this theatre, playing Nancy with admirable brightness and humour. Mr. Toole, as Robert Penfold, was exceedingly comic, and gave imitations of well-known actors which fairly convulsed the audience. Mr. L. Brough as Joseph Wylie, was admirable. Mr. Wyndham as Arthur acted very cleverly and danced one of the funniest and cleverest comic dances our modern stage has exhibited. Mr. Gaston Murray was good as the General, singing capital a famous song from the "Grande Duchesse," Mr. Stephens was effective as old Penfold, causing much laughter by a practicable cry. Mr. Sanger and Mr. Howard played less important parts. All went off merrily, with abundant encores. The burlesque deserves to be seen by all who care for the class of entertainment to which it belongs. It is full of mirth and animation, wanting only a seasoning of wit and dialogue to be a really excellent production.

CREMORNE GARDENS are now in great request. The flowers present a charming diversity of colour, and the pretty and well laid out walks render them objects of more than ordinary interest. The splendid weather and the manifold attractions with which Cremorne abounds has made a visit more than usually appreciative. Mlle. Pereira has been added to the company, and goes through her mid-air performances with ease and grace. The Parisian Circus troupe appear in an equestrian entertainment, and in the cirque also appears Magilton and Caselle. The laughable entertainment of the Dogs and Monkeys is followed by Mr. Hazard's magical entertainment, and the ballet precedes Natator's performance. Allowing an interval for *al fresco* dancing, a splendid pyrotechnic display by Tucker is given. Sylvester's entertainments close the special amusements by his mysterious cabinet.

ALHAMBRA.—Mr. Strange is indefatigable in his efforts for pleasing his patrons. His latest production has been a new Indian ballet, entitled *The Mammoth Waterfall*, which first saw the light on Monday evening, and met with an undoubted success. The scene representing the fall has been exquisitely painted by Mr. William Calcott, and its effect has been greatly enhanced by the introduction of some of the most stupendous falls of water ever seen on the stage. The dances are appropriate and ingeniously arranged, and in admirable keeping with the scene, and introduced Mlle. Simondi and the ladies of the corps de ballet. The applause that greeted *The Mammoth Waterfall* was of a most general character. Mr. Strange had to appear, then the scene painter, and Mr. Milano (ballet master). Madlle. Nathalie made her re-appearance, and, with her two sisters, went through a series of very clever acrobatic feats. Miss Russell also made her re-appearance on Monday, and received all the warmest sympathies of the audience.

SCHNEIDER.—And now London has had an opportunity of seeing Schneider. All the hypocritical purists raised the hands of horror at her coming. People who knew nothing about what they were talking, fancied the world was coming to an end, and the mass of the critics went down to the St. James's, ignorant, and prejudiced, and what was the result? They found a beautiful woman singing and acting with the utmost delicacy, a model of charm, dramatic care, and stage brightness. They found every note studied, every action, look, intimation, movement; the result of painstaking talent at least, if not the result of genius. They heard for the first time burlesque opera properly sung, properly

played, and fitly successful. To ourselves, Schneider's superlative abilities are now a knowledge of more years than the lady herself would perhaps care openly to admit. We were not at all astonished, as was every other critic apparently in the house, to find "La Grande Duchesse" in a couple of hours the greater operative success since that wonderful first night of Patti. We believe the London critics have been confounding Schneider with Theresa. And, indeed, when the English newspaper writer becomes acquainted with Theresa's qualifications, they will find she possesses something more than mere vulgarity. Messieurs the critics were annoyed at the presence on that first night of the Duchess, to see simply two-thirds of all the Royalty, English, and French, in England, and half the highest members of the English aristocracy present, and more astonished to mark the applause, they bestowed upon Schneider. The Prince of Wales applauds the Princess smiles, the Count de Paris (Henri V.) laughs, the Commander-in-Chief throws himself back in fair admiration, and the Duc d'Aumale approves—in a word, Madame Schneider is positively perfect. The opera itself, orchestra, choruses, and singers (Schneider apart) imported from Brussels goes capitally; and dismal, indeed, is the contrast the English version at Olympia, respectably sung as the music is by the admirable Mrs. Howard Paul. Madame Schneider, Mlle. Nilsson apart, is the success of the London season of 1868.

A BABY ACTRESS, Miss Lydia Howard, now playing every evening until further notice at Westbourne Hall, Bayswater, is said to be only four years of age; to be a prodigy of the most extraordinary character, being endowed with a mature dramatic instinct which enables her, without strain or pain, to represent some hundreds of dramatic characters, with a ripeness of histrionic talent which astonishes all who witness her performances.

FOR nearly thirty years one of the most powerfully attractive musical entertainments of the season has been invariably that of Mr. Benedict. This year that gentleman's concert—given at St. James's Hall on Saturday afternoon—proved as eminently attractive as ever. The hall, indeed, was crowded in every part, and we doubt if an additional score could have been accommodated with standing room.

MR. T. ROBERTSON'S comedy of "Play" is now withdrawn from the bills of the Prince of Wales's, after a long and prosperous run. On Saturday his far more artistic and popular drama of "Caste" was revived, with the original cast of character. The summer season will close in a few weeks, and the company will start on a starring tour in the provinces.

It is said that M. Rubinstein intends to visit America.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS the younger is now publishing a complete edition of his plays, with long prefaces, which form a series of social studies; in the preface of the second volume, which will appear shortly, he criticises the dramatic works of his father.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—THE HANDEL TRIENNIAL FESTIVAL.

The grand Handel Commemoration of 1868 concluded on Friday with the performance of the composer's most stupendous work—for such only it can be described—*Israel in Egypt*. For vigour and breadth the oratorio is unequalled. It is, in fact, one glorious rush of music from the opening recitative to the close. Excellent as were the performances on the preceding days, that of Friday must be pronounced to have been the best of all. The public interest, too, instead of diminishing towards the close of the festival, had increased, the number of the audience at the Palace exhibiting an augmentation over those present on Monday and Wednesday. The execution displayed in the oratorio itself was something wonderful, and must be regarded as a great musical triumph. Mr. Cumming led off with the recitative, "Now there arose a new King over Egypt;" and was followed by Madame Sainton-Dolby with the solo "And the Children of Israel Sighed." The chorus, "They loathed to drink of the river," which is one of the most difficult to imagine for a company numbering several thousand performers, was gone through with consummate ease. Then came the series of choruses founded on the plagues, which were delivered with rare precision by the gigantic choir. That grand burst of music, "He gave them hailstones mingled with fire," excited the most rapturous feelings in the audience, who loudly called for it again, and were gratified. Perhaps none of the choruses through the whole works of Handel show his power of grappling with a great conception better than this. Many difficult passages occur in the second part, the difficulty of their production being increased by the greater number of vocalists engaged in them; but all these difficulties were surmounted on Friday, and the choral singing in this part was quite equal to that of the first. The songs of rejoicing were admirably performed, and Mr. Costa again showed himself a master of direction by the method in which he kept the mighty mass in precise concord. Special praise must be given to the declaimers of the solos and duets in this part, Mlle. Titiens, Madame Rudersdorf, Madame Sainton-Dolby, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Sinton, and Signor Foli. The performances of the day and the week worthily and appropriately concluded with the National Anthem. Then Mr. Costa received an ovation, for which he bowed his thanks, and the audience also remembered the name of Mr. Bowley, the energetic manager of the Palace, who certainly deserves a large portion of the credit due to the successful carrying out of the Festival.

DESPERATE ATTEMPTS AT SUICIDE.—George Oliver, a decently-dressed man, was charged before Mr. Salf, at Westminster, with attempting to commit suicide by throwing himself from Westminster Bridge. George Fisher, 43 A Reserve, said from information he received at 6.30 on Saturday from a boy, he went from the Clock Tower, where he was on duty, to the upper side of the bridge, and found the prisoner taking off his clothes. Having removed part of them he put his hands on the parapet and was preparing to spring over, when witness asked him what he intended to do. He said he could do as he liked with himself, and witness believing that he was going to jump into the Thames took him into custody. Prisoner put on his clothes, and said if stopped that time he meant to do it another. He was sober. Prisoner, in answer to the charge, said he was drunk and knew nothing of it. A sergeant of the A division said that was not the only attempt prisoner had made on his life. He was brought to the station half-an-hour before charged with attempting to sever the veins of his wrist with a knife, but there was not sufficient cause to detain him. After being locked up he picked the wounds and opened them, and they had not only to send for the divisional surgeon, but also to place a man to watch him all night. He had been drinking. He was remanded for a week for inquiries to be made.

HALF A DOZEN PROVERBS.—"Dirty hands make clean money," is an adage to our liking. It is all English. It is industrial. A vision of the Black Country rises up before us. It is better than the notion of clean hands making dirty money. "Good meat we may pick from a goose's eye," a learned writer upon the goose, in his work entitled "The Goose," gives us to know. Next to the goose, his eye then, but the goose first. "It is a great pity to see a woman weep, as a goose to go barefoot," is in a book of 1526, and was of course part of our treasure trove. It seems to fulfil all Mr. Ward's conditions. Can it be true, though? "Money's round; it trickles." Short, plain, figurative, and, by your leave, true. "Still swine eat all the draft." The quietest porker is the cunningest. He eats while the rest are singing or snoozing. "The King must wait while his beer's drawing," has a fine touch of morality about it. We make the public a present of its suggestiveness.—*Dickens's "All the Year Round."*

THE ABYSSINIAN EXPEDITION.

THE evacuation of the country is practically completed, the whole of the European troops being on board ship, and by far the larger part of the native having also embarked; about 1,000 soldiers still remain at Zoola, Komayle, and Sooroo, but all the higher posts in the pass have been abandoned. In retracing the ground over which we advanced, everywhere are to be found evidences of the methodical system of making war pursued by Sir Robert. Between Magdala and Antalo, indeed, the native tracks had only been moderately improved, and the commissariat stations established to buy grain, grass, meat, and flour, were at considerable distances apart, and so slenderly garrisoned that any excitement among the natives caused no little anxiety to the officer in charge; but even on this part of the line great pains had been taken to conciliate the chiefs, to induce them to allow provisions to be brought into our market, and to encourage the people to carry our goods. It was, however, between Antalo and Zoola that I was most struck with the great care expended in rendering the line of communication with the sea easy and secure. Antalo itself was fortified, and although the defences consisted of nothing but a stone wall four and a half feet high, yet this being skillfully traced to lend to every portion a flanking fire, was sufficient to treble the value of the garrison. Addigerat was furnished with two pieces of cannon, and with more ambitiously designed and more complicated intrenchments. Between Antalo and Addigerat, at a day's march apart, were permanent stations, where forage, food, and firewood were bought from the inhabitants, and stored for the use of detachments passing up or down. Between Addigerat and Senafe the arrangements were still more perfect; the

THE MONT CENIS RAILWAY AND TUNNEL.

THE days of railway tunnels have almost passed away. They were the result of inability to force trains up steep inclines. Suddenly an inventor thinks of a cog horizontal wheel to run between the two lines of rail, and the result is that a train can now be forced up such inclines as are to be met with on the Alps, while the train is about one thousand times less likely to run off the line than the row of carriages which starts every twenty minutes for Greenwich from Charing Cross.

A contemporary says:—"On Monday there was opened, for the benefit of European travellers and the general traffic of Europe, a mountain line of railway which will make its mark in the history of railroad engineering. A train of carriages and passengers passed over the Cenis into Italy, on the arrival at St. Michel, in the newly-ceded French province of Savoy, of the mid-day express from Paris, and *vice versa*, on the arrival of the afternoon Italian train at Susa, another passed in the opposite direction over those noble heights, of more than 6,000 feet, for France. Whilst for years we have heard of the wonderful Percée des Alpes, that gigantic and difficult tunnel is still being laboriously and constantly toiled at by machinery as remarkable as it is untiring, by more than a thousand active human hands, and yet it will be for a long time to come only a mysterious darkness, whilst the Alpine route is at this moment an accomplished fact, offering scenic attractions of the first order for tourists at this season, and of which they will do well to avail themselves, bearing in mind that for this extraordinary undertaking there is but a temporary concession of six years, and that then it may be, and probably will be, superseded by a subterranean way, level and direct and quicker, but

THE FRENCH IMPERIAL FAMILY.

THE hot, brilliant weather is enticing everyone away from our sunny boulevards, and Paris is becoming deserted. Last week the Imperial inmates of the Tuileries removed to their chateau in the beautiful forest of Fontainebleau. In the town they found the inevitable banners, triumphal arches, military bands, and civil corporations; but as they drove into the splendid courtyard of the palace they reached a region of calm. There, in the chateau, the Emperor and Empress are leading a quiet country life, with the Grand Duchess Marie as their only visitor. No balls, no concerts, only a few receptions and official dinners—the rest à son bon plaisir. Early in the morning the Emperor and Empress leave their apartments, and walk together in the picturesque *Jardin Anglais* of the private park. After a long stroll their promenade invariably ends at the Chinese salons, where the little Prince, when the first lessons of the morning are over, joins his parents, and remains with them until the hour of *déjeuner*. The young Prince has been up ever since half-past five; a professor from the Paris university goes to Fontainebleau in the morning, another in the afternoon; then there are experiments and demonstrations in the open air, on the lessons of the day; and in his leisure hours the Prince mounts his velocipede, and acquires with great enjoyment, across the park, or rows on the lake with his little cousins, the Duc d'Albe and his sisters, who are staying at the palace with their governess. The *déjeuner* is sometimes laid in the room where Louis Philippe and his family used to sit reading and working together, at others in a light *salon* opening into the flower garden, very rarely in the *salle-à-manger*. The Empress took a great fancy to the Chinese salons, and the family pass a great deal of their time in the



ENTRANCE TO THE TUNNEL OF THE MONT CENIS RAILWAY.

station indulged in walled inclosures and bough huts, while here and there transplanted shrubs showed that some officer or commissariat employé had gone in for the ornamental as well as the useful. In the pass the luxuries of the march reached their height, as tents left standing at every station saved the soldiers the trouble of pitching their own. It is not too much to say that, but for the damage done by floods at Sooroo, troops could move as easily from Antalo to Zoola as (if they did not use the train) they could from London to York. In returning from Magdala the traveller hears at every halting-place stories of the ill-conduct of the natives, and of the acts of plunder which they have committed, or which they were prevented from working out. These tales are a good deal dwelt on, for the very natural reason that those who had the ill-fortune to be in the rear are anxious to prove to their comrades who come from the front that they had to contend with troubles of their own, and even were not wholly deprived of the delights of an occasional skirmish. Carefully considered, however, these stories only prove that we must add to the inevitable expenses of the expedition a certain percentage for robberies committed, nearly always without violence, and that a large proportion of the Abyssinian population are regardless of the rights of property when unsupported by physical force, and that if native followers will straggle in the vicinity of tribes possessed of the whimsical but unamiable propensities of the Gallas they must accept the disagreeable consequences.

INSURING INFANTS' LIVES.—The disclosures which have from time to time been made respecting the suspicious deaths of infants whose lives have been insured, have elicited the following social science question in the columns of the *Public Health*, a paper devoted to social sanitary and medical legal matters:—"Considering the high rate of mortality amongst infants which are entered upon the books of clubs, under the pretext of 'insuring their lives,' would it not be more accurate to describe the practice as 'insuring their deaths?'"

incomparable with the beauties of the ever-rising mountains of the valley of Modane up to the summit lake of the Cenis pass, still bounded, even at that elevation of 2,098 metres, by towering hills, and infinitely out of all comparison with the glorious scenery of the Italian Alps, viewed from the southern heights of the mountain overlooking the Cenis in its silvery course winding in the depths below to its junction with the Dora. An impression has got abroad that this over-mountain line is an American affair, but such is not the case. Mr. Fell, to whom the project is due, is an Englishman, and the mistake has originated from a previously abandoned project for laying down an omnibus track of the kind in use in New York and Paris."

We present a view of the tunnel, which will be finished simply because it is begun. A short time after it was commenced the discovery was made that the cheapest piercer which could be used to penetrate the granite was diamonds. The Mount Cenis Tunnel, when finished, will have been cut, fairy-like as the statement may appear, by diamonds.

FONTAINEBLEAU.—No palace in France is so beautifully proportioned, so exquisitely decorated, so artistically painted and furnished, as Fontainebleau, where the salamanders of Francis, the initials of Henri, are mingled with Diana's crescent. But there are more recent reminiscences than those; the Emperor works in the study of the Great Napoleon. There is a little table on which his abdication was signed, and on which the spur on the impatient heel has left a mark. The Empress's room is full of souvenirs of Marie Antoinette; the rich silk draperies of the walls and bed were a present to the Queen from the city of Lyons; the Revolution tore them down and sold them; but the delicate fabrics were discovered by Napoleon I., who restored them to their place, the Chamber of the Six Maries, as this room is called.

Grey or faded hair restored to its original colour by F. E. SIMON'S AMERICAN HAIR RESTORER. Price 3s. Sold by most Chemists and Perfumers.—[ADVT.]

midst of the curious and costly spoils of the brilliant "Summer Palace." Among golden pagodas, enamelled vases, copper gods, mandarins, jewelled swords, beautiful matting, and china dogs, are three familiar objects—Winterhalter's picture of the Empress surrounded by her ladies of honour; a pretty Erard piano; and the little barrel organ which used to delight the Prince when he was a little child, for palace windows are not so far from the lower world that little princes cannot learn to envy the easy musical talents of the wandering Savoyards. In every direction the Imperial carriages roll along the paths and avenues of the forest; but the family never fails to meet again an hour before dinner in the bright Chinese drawing-room.

FATAL ACCIDENT AT A PRINTING-OFFICE.—Mr. W. Payne, City Coroner, received information on Monday, of the death at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, of Albert Edward Ladd, aged 12 years. The deceased was a folder at Waterlow's printing-office, London-wall. On Friday afternoon last he was directed to move some reams of paper off a lift that is used for carrying goods from floor to floor of the building, and is worked by steam. Before deceased had been at work a few hours at this part of the office, loud screams for help were heard by the workmen, and upon several persons running to the spot, the deceased was found crushed tightly between the flap of the steam lift and the ground floor. He was soon extricated, and stated before his death he had touched the ropes of the lift, and set the machine in motion, and the flap came down upon him. He was much injured about his head and body, and soon expired.

THE QUEEN CAPTAIN OF A CRICKET CLUB.—"The Stoics," the most recently-formed cricket club in Ireland, have unanimously elected as their head, not a captain, but a queen. Her Majesty is a member of a leading family long identified with the noble game, her band are chivalrous and devoted, and, under the influence of her inspiring smile, will soon, no doubt, be crowned with laurels.

THE SERBIAN CONSPIRACY.

THE *New Free Press*, of June 17, contains the following on the subject of the conspiracy in Serbia:—

"The imprisoned murderers have made statements from which it appears that a widely-spread Serbian Carbonaro Society (the Om-ladina) was at the root of the attack on the life of Prince Michael. All the members of the Obrenovich were to be cut off. The conspiracy extended even to Paris, where an attempt was to have been made to seize the person of young Milan. Madame Lukacevich, sister of the Princess Perside Karageorgiewich, and five students, have been imprisoned in Belgrade. According to the Pesth journals the conspiracy has been in existence six months, and the members of it, who wore yellow coats, held their meetings in one of the most populous streets of Belgrade. The Prince Michael and the principal persons of the kingdom were to be killed, and a government formed out of the conspirators, with Alexander Karageorgiewich at their head. In order to increase the confusion, Belgrade was to be set fire to. The *Pesth Lloyd* says that the conspirators are afraid to show themselves, as they would be torn to pieces by the people. The house of the father of the three principal murderers (the brother Radovanovich) was levelled to the ground, and the energy of the police alone saved the parents from the rage of the people. Prince Michael was warned twice by letter that an attempt on his life was intended, and one of these letters was found in the pocket of the coat which he wore at the moment of his assassination. The *Lloyd's* correspondent adds that the assassination will have no effect in disturbing the peace of the East. We wish (says the *New Free Press*) that this may be so, that a circum-spect policy may continue to prevail in Belgrade." The news prematurely given that the young Prince Milan Obrenovich, whose age is about 14, had quitted Paris for Serbia to assert his claims has been contradicted on the ground that nothing could be settled about the succession till the meeting of the Schouptchina in July, and that seeing the state of parties in Serbia and the semi-barbarism which prevails in many parts of that country, it would not be safe for the lad to show himself there until a regular government should be regularly organised. Nevertheless, the friends of Prince Milan think it desirable that he should go to Belgrade directly, and it is to be arranged that he will leave Paris on June 22, accompanied by M. Rietach, formerly a Serbian envoy at Constantinople, and a "very numerous suite." The composition of this suite is highly appropriate. It is said to consist of stalwart youths six feet high, French students as well as Serbian, who will constitute an efficient as well as faithful body guard.

The elections to the Schouptchina are now finished. The greatest order and tranquillity have prevailed at Belgrade; and the number of voters has been large. The general sense of the vote is believed to be favourable to the choice of Prince Milan as successor to the throne. Addresses of adherence to the Government continued to come in from the communes, the militia, and bodies of troops. Replying to apprehensions expressed by the foreign press as to the occupation of the throne, the semi-official *Idovdan* says, "The Serbian nation possesses the sovereign right of independently disposing of the throne, and the Serbian crown is hereditary under conditions settled by the representatives of the people. From this legal point of view the nation has already proclaimed Prince Milan as its sovereign. The approaching Schouptchina will have simply to offer Prince Milan a solemn greeting, and to make the legal choice of a guardian for the Prince until he attains his majority."

We are informed in a correspondence from Belgrade that the Serbian conspiracy, which resulted in the death of Prince Michael, probably failed of complete success in consequence of the following incident. M. Garachanine, formerly minister in Serbia, happened to be in the Topchidere-park at the moment of the assassination. Immediately on learning what had taken place, he sent his wife to render assistance to their son, who had been wounded in the Prince's suite—he himself directing his course to Belgrade to give information of the murder, and to suggest the precautions that should be adopted. At some distance from Topchidere he was passed on the road by Paia Radovanowitch, whose horses were swifter than his own. He pressed forward, however, and at the steam-mill, half way between Topchidere and Belgrade, he came up with Radovanowitch, whose vehicle had been slightly injured, and who was obliged to stop to get it in order. Garachanine had now the first place, and kept it till he got into Belgrade. He directly went to the office of the foreign minister, where all the ministers were at once summoned. The troops were called to arms, the military posts were occupied, and the ministerial offices guarded. Patrols marched through the streets, and every preparation was made to suppress the slightest attempt at an emeute.



PRINCE LOUIS OF HESSE, HUSBAND TO THE PRINCESS ALICE, NOW ON A VISIT TO THE QUEEN AT WINDSOR.

Paia had come to notify the assassination, which was to be followed by a rising in the city, but this was prevented by the steps which had been taken by the ministry. A telegram from Belgrade, dated the 20th, says:—"The arrests continue; MM. Linbomir, Madios, de Waljeos, and the Senator Aczika Nevodovich being amongst the number. Major Mladen Nevodovich, in prison, has cut open his veins with a fragment of glass. The inquiry has revealed that the conspirators wanted only to turn to account the name of Alexander Karageorgiewich, and that the latter had been deceived by idle stories."

Prince Milan arrived at Belgrade on Tuesday morning. Salvoes of artillery were fired, and a great crowd assembled to welcome him. He was received by the chief civic authorities and members of the town corporations. After visiting the cathedral, his Highness drove through the principal streets to the palace. Prince Alexander Karageorgiewich has published a declaration expressing his sympathy for the late Prince Michael of Serbia, and denouncing as calumnies the reports that have been circulated respecting his complicity in the assassination.

PRINCE LOUIS OF HESSE-DARMSTADT.

FREDERICK WILLIAM LOUIS, Prince of Hesse-Darmstadt, whose portrait we give, is the eldest son of Prince Charles William Louis, of Hesse-Darmstadt, by a cousin of the King of Prussia, and was born on Sep. 12, 1837. He is a captain in the 1st Regiment of the Prussian Guard, and colonel of a regiment of hussars. In 1862 he married the Princess Alice (second daughter of Queen Victoria), when an allowance of £6,000 a year was settled by Parliament on the bride-elect, together with £30,000 by way of dowry. The Royal pair have two daughters and a son, and are now on a visit to Her Majesty at Windsor Castle, and were present at the volunteer review on Saturday last.

THE ATTEMPTED MURDER AND SUICIDE AT ASHTON.—An inquest was held on Friday on the body of Edward Gregory, publican, Ashton-under-Lyne, who had committed suicide by shooting himself after inflicting serious injuries on his wife. It appeared that jealousy led to the shocking occurrence. The deceased had for some time suspected his wife of familiarity with several men, and it was alleged that his surprising a police-constable in the act of kissing the woman had caused a separation. A verdict was returned to the effect that the "Deceased was at the time in an unsound state of mind." Mrs. Gregory, who received two or three pistol shots, is going on favourably.

ROSE SHOW AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

THE great rose show on Saturday exceeded all expectation, and was, indeed, an extraordinary show considering the long period of dry weather which has existed. The flowers were splendid, and taken altogether it may be fairly said to have been the finest show which the Crystal Palace has yet produced. There was far more tabling than on any previous occasion, and, therefore, more quantity, whilst the quality, as we have said, was first-rate. Amongst the nurserymen Messrs. Paul and Sons, of Cheshunt, maintained their ancient reputation by taking the first prizes for the best 72 varieties and 48 varieties, Messrs. Cant and Messrs. Keynes coming in respectively second best. These two florists, however, stood to the front for those prizes which were open to all—namely, Classes 9 and 10, for collections of new roses. For the former—namely, 12 trusses of any new roses of 1866, Mr. Keynes, of Salisbury, produced specimens of exceeding beauty, amongst which the pale pink elegant crisp flower Monsieur Nonam certainly crowned his group. In the second prize collection, by Mr. Cant, of Colchester, the deep pink Antoine Ducher was the gem. In Class 10, the collection of new roses of 1866 and 1867, one truss of each variety, the precedence of these two competitors was reversed. In the first prize of Mr. Cant the large Adrian Max, the deep scarlet Horace Vernet, and the pale Baroness Adolfe de Rothschild's were very beautiful flowers. The best specimens in Mr. Keynes's display were perhaps the Felix Genero, Napoleon III., and Eugene Scribe, the last an elegant flower, in very tender roseate bloom. In Classes 7 and 8, twelve varieties by amateurs, the Rev. E. N. Pochin, of Loughborough, produced some very fine examples of Madame Joigneaux (fine red pink), General Pelissier (paler pink), and Nipheto, the pale yellow flower of which was exceedingly beautiful both in colour and form.

The best 100 flowers of any one rose, shown in a decorated vase, or basket, formed indeed a magnificent bouquet, and the prize was well earned by the Messrs. Paul, of Cheshunt.

In addition to the rose show there was a miscellaneous collection of plants and flowers, amongst which the collection of bedding plants by Mr. Henderson, of St. John's-wood, and the grapes, in pots, by Mr.

Gayette, gardener to J. Perrott, Esq., of Herne-hill, were very noticeable. We have not seen finer fruit or finer plants than these last struck from the eye of the vine.

The attendance was large and fashionable, and the concert, under the direction of Mr. Manns, highly appreciated.

IS IT LAWFUL TO PLAY CRICKET ON A SUNDAY?—In his recently published work upon "Saints and Sinners," Dr. Doran states "that at the present time cricket is the only game which can lawfully be played in England on a Sunday." Either Dr. Doran or the Leominster magistrates must be in error, for the latter have just fined four boys a shilling each and costs, with the alternative of seven days' imprisonment, for playing at cricket on Sunday week.

CHINESE HAIR.—A correspondent writing from Paris tells the following story:—"I was in a hairdresser's shop a few days ago when a man entered who offered for sale a large lot of Chinese tails—I mean human hair tails such as adorn the heads of the subjects of the Celestial Empire. The bargain was soon struck at the low rate of two francs and a half per tail, and the vendor was encouraged to bring as many more as he could procure. The hair was coarse and black, and did not seem to me fitted to add to the attractions of any female head, so I inquired to what use it could be put. 'Use!' exclaimed the hairdresser; 'Soyez tranquille. I am not anxious about that. There is such a demand for hair just now that we are too happy to buy whatever we can get.' I tell you this story, as it may furnish a useful hint to some of your lady readers, on fashion bent, but still of frugal minds. They will be glad to know that by asking for Chinese tails they may procure cheap hair for country toilets, or more especially for sea bathing. —*Full Mall Gazette*."

EXTRAORDINARY CASE OF EQUINE SAGACITY.—The *Scotsman*, on the authority of several trustworthy witnesses, states that on Thursday an almost unparalleled circumstance was noticed at Muirhall, near West Calder. During the great heat that prevailed in the afternoon an Iceland pony, the property of Mr. J. Waddell, contractor, was for a time left to its own free will during the temporary absence of its driver. The pony, which had been driven for a considerable distance, and was seemingly actuated by a craving for water, was observed by the proprietor of Muirhall, and others who chanced to be in the vicinity, to deliberately walk a distance of fully fifty yards, and with its teeth turn the cock of a water-pipe projecting out of the road embankment, supply itself with a draught of the refreshing beverage, re-adjust the cock, and return to the position in which it was left.

THEATRES.

HAYMARKET.—A Hero of Romance, and Farces. Seven.
PRINCESS'S.—Mr. Dominic Murray and Mr. Allerton in Shakespeare. Seven.
OLYMPIC.—The Grand Duchess, in English. Seven.
ADDELPHI.—Mr. Charles Mathews in various Comedies. Seven.
STRAND.—Sisterly Service—The Field of the Cloth of Gold—Marriage at Any Price. Half-past Seven.
PRINCE OF WALES'S.—A Silent Protector—Caste—Done on Both Sides. Eight.
NEW QUEEN'S.—Fowl Play; or, Chikkin Hazard. Seven.
NEW ROYALTY.—Daddy Gray—The Merry Zingara—The Clockmaker's Hat. Half-past Seven.
HOLBORN.—Foul Play. Half-past Seven.
ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE AND CIRCUS, HOLBORN.—Equestrianism, &c. Eight.
SURREY.—Professor Anderson and his Four Daughters: the World of Magic, Marvels of Second Sight, Novelties the most Astonishing. Eight.
BRITANNIA.—Fool's Revenge.
CRYSTAL PALACE.—Miscellaneous Entertainment. Open at Ten.
EGYPTIAN HALL.—Maccabe's Entertainment, "Begone, Dull Care." Eight.
ST. JAMES'S HALL.—Christy's Minstrels. Eight.
POLYTECHNIC.—Miscellaneous Entertainment, &c. Open from Twelve till Five and from Seven till Ten.
MADAME TUSSEAU'S EXHIBITION.—Open from Eleven till dusk, and from Seven till Ten.
ROYAL ALHAMBRA.—Miscellaneous Entertainment. Eight.
ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, Regent's Park.—Open daily.

THE SIGHTS OF LONDON.

1.—FREE.

British Museum; Chelsea Hospital; Courts of Law and Justice; Docks; Dulwich Gallery; East India Museum, Fife House, Whitehall; Greenwich Hospital; Hampton Court Palace; Houses of Parliament; Kew Botanic Gardens and Pleasure Grounds. Museum of Economic Geology, Jermyn-street; National Gallery; National Portrait Gallery; Patent Museum, adjoining the South Kensington Museum; Soane's Museum, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Society of Arts' Exhibitions of Inventions (in the spring of every year); St. Paul's Cathedral; Westminster Abbey; Westminster Hall; Windsor Castle; Woolwich Dockyard and Repository.

2.—BY INTRODUCTION.

Antiquarian Society's Museum, Somerset House; Armourers' Museum, 81, Coleman-street; Asiatic Society's Museum, 5, New Burlington-street; Bank of England Museum (collection of coins); Botanical Society's Gardens and Museum, Regent's-park; College of Surgeons' Museum, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Guildhall Museum (old London antiquities); Linnean Society's Museum, Burlington House; Mint (process of coining), Tower-hill; Naval Museum, South Kensington; Royal Institution Museum, Albemarle-street; Trinity House Museum, Tower-hill; United Service Museum, Scotland-yard; Woolwich Arsenal.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters to be addressed to the Editor, 13, Catherine-street, Strand.)

The Illustrated Weekly News.

(REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.)

SATURDAY, JUNE 27, 1868.

WATERLOO AND ABYSSINIA.

To a man of liberal and progressive thought no event of the last week or ten days has afforded more satisfaction than the great fact of the apathy displayed by the mass of the public on the once celebrated June 18, the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo. There was a time when England throughout, and London especially, went mad for one day, by reason of the invigorating memory of that ghastly battle near Brussels, and rushed to the park to cheer the "Dook." Indeed the June 18 was looked upon as lost if that warrior did not appear in the park, inspect a few troops, and then with the nearest approach to motionlessness possible, salute the people, without once looking on them. Since the time of the fourth George men have grown better than they were, and even generals are human. There are men still alive, camp followers still in existence, who will tell how Wellington was a great general and an honourable man, but how he had no pity upon his men if they broke discipline. English soldiers were hung up in Spain, and not by the enemy. And then we turn to good Sir Robert Napier, and find his greatest anxiety, apart from his march and his mission, the comfort and even ease of every soldier under his command. The Abyssinian expedition was carried out, after much endeavour to control Theodoros, who appears to have been a brave if foolish tyrant, and most tyrants are foolish—to obtain the lives and liberty of a few men, some of whom, perhaps, had no international right to be in Abyssinia. And the end obtained, the English leave the field of warfare much as the Romans left Britain, the people entreating the enemy to stay as masters who would be merciful compared with their own rulers. And what of the result of the war? The son of the enemy's leader is brought amongst us that his life may be safer amongst his father's enemies than his friends; while abroad, for the first time within the historic period, the European nations are doffing their hats as it were, and recognising an English war as one wholly of honour, and not in any shape a struggle for profit. The Abyssinian war has given to England a moral position in Europe which she has never yet enjoyed, and the result will be such a ready acceptance of England's opinion as must lead to the benefit of the land itself, simply because finally all good action must result in moral, and therefore physical, advantage to those who have worked for and obtained it. And now let us turn and look upon the panorama of Waterloo. It was the final armed result of the French revolution, and though far be it from us to applaud armed force as the road to the benefit of nations, at the same time it is

impossible to avoid the conclusion that the mass of the French people were physically better provided for after the revolution than before it. During the reign of Louis XVI. the mass of people rarely could afford meat, bread was scarce, and grass and nettles formed part of the common food of the masses. Scarcely a cottage had a glass window to boast of, and when a nobleman ran over a serf it was a small question of payment to the creature itself, or its mother or wife. After the revolution grass was left to other animals, meat was tasted by the masses, and windows ornamented cottages. No doubt the horrors of the reign of terror were never paralleled; but let us remember through what the French had passed. That reign of terror virtually ended upon the accession of Napoleon to power. And now comes the grand question upon which turns the inquiry—how shall we in these days look upon the victory of Waterloo? Was it an unmixed blessing for England, or was it an injury? Taught by the opinion of crowned Europe, our fathers believed that Napoleon intended to seize and reign over the whole of Europe. On the other hand, the French maintain that crowned Europe being the enemy of enfranchised France, the wars of Napoleon were wars of resistance against all royalty. To which theory do we now tend in our days? Is it not very strange that of all the policy effected by the English victory at Waterloo, all that has not been swept away is still standing European nuisance? We restored the Bourbons to France, and they restored idolatry. Fifteen years passed, and the French drove out the Bourbons to compromise with their cousins of Orleans. Another twenty years, and the Orleanists are driven away. From that date to this the internal condition of France has wonderfully progressed. Napoleon I. freed the whole of Italy, and placed it under a rule certainly as free as that of to-day. The Roman temporal power was lost, Naples was free, Venice Italian once again, and the small dukes and dukelets were packed off. Waterloo gave Rome to the Pope, Naples to more of the infamous Bourbons, Venice to Austria, and the duchies to the dukelets. And what has happened? Venice, crushed, has been given to Italy, the small dukes have once again packed off, Naples has been released from a Royal race whose tyranny was only equalled by its stupidity, and Rome, remaining as Waterloo re-established her, is an unending European weariness. Garibaldi simply did over again Napoleon's work. To Spain Waterloo gave some more Bourbons, and from 1815 to 1868 Spain has never been without internal troubles, while her Queen, the descendant of the mannikin Waterloo placed upon the throne, is simply past writing about. Napoleon unified North Germany. Waterloo laid scores of princekings upon that land. Bismarck is simply doing Napoleon's work. Indeed of all Buonaparte's industry the only atom we left untouched, the throne of Sweden, stands to this day, and is respected by the Swedes. Look at Poland—the work of Waterloo. Over Waterloo Russia and England shook hands. Where is now that friendship? What of Austria? Austria is almost dismembered, and the ruins of Sebastopol speak with echoes of iron tongues. Indeed the only constant result of Waterloo is the immense debt with which it blessed us, and the interest of which we shall go on paying as long as honour lasts. No, Waterloo has not proved a lasting triumph. On the other hand, Abyssinia was a war of honour, of ready money, of good sense, and of dignity. The place we take in Europe is well worth the price we have paid, to say nothing of the advent of Sir Robert Napier, a worthy successor to Lord Clyde, and a general who certainly leads a new school of military men—a school which respects itself, and the men who form an army. The moral advantage of a high-class general is beyond all question. Subalterns are always sufficiently impertinent and selfish, while the colonel of a regiment is generally its most amenable officer; but while the former gradually yield as the years go by to the better breeding and gentlemanliness of their commanding officers, the work of these latter will be much eased by the coming to the fore of such a man as Robert Napier, a man who looks upon battles and soldiers as something more than apparatus, and who is as typical of the great Abyssinian expedition as the all-conquering duke was typical of that essentially aristocratic victory we call Waterloo.

A SEVERE THUNDERSTORM AT FROME.—With the dusk of Friday night came indications of a change in the weather. Lightning flashed vividly and rapidly, and the heat was oppressive. Soon after midnight rain began to fall, and the storm appeared to gather over the town, and a remarkably heavy storm it proved to be. The thunder-claps were the loudest we have heard for years, and the lightning flashes were awful in their splendour. The storm culminated at about a quarter-past two o'clock, when there was a terrific crash. Soon after it was found that a house in Vallia-way had been struck by the electric fluid, and that the roof was on fire. The house was formerly occupied by Miss Biggs, but fortunately it is now uninhabited. The lightning appears to have been attracted by a skylight, from which it passed to the upper bell-wire, and thus descended through the entire house. The result was disastrous. The chimneys were cleaned of soot, on the first floor a brick was forced from the chimney and struck the ceiling of the room. All along the course of the bell-wire the copper was dissolved by the lightning, and the walls in consequence appear as if they had been painted in a variety of beautiful colours. It was after three o'clock when it was discovered that the house was on fire. Mr. Moon, of Gould's-ground, who had the keys, was called up, and as the fire had only gained a slight hold of the roof, the flames were quickly extinguished.

MRS. RYVES.—The case of Mrs. Ryves, a lady between 70 and 80 years of age, who claims to be the granddaughter of the Duke of Cumberland, son of George II., came as an appeal from the courts below before the House of Lords on Monday. This claim depends upon the validity of an alleged marriage between the Duke and Olive Wilmet; and it is supported by various documents (the genuineness of which, however, is disputed), and evidence as to the recognition of the marriage and its offspring by the Royal family. Their lordships, without going into the merits of the case, dismissed the appeal on a preliminary objection.

PUBLIC OPINION.

Is there no remedy for the serious and increasing evil of street music? The vested interest of a set of harpies who pass their lives in destroying the peace of the town have hitherto been so tenderly regarded that nobody has had the courage to propose a really effective remedy. The difficulty about the question is that some people have no nervous system to speak of, and do not feel the torture that is inflicted upon more sensitive persons. These people, suffering nothing themselves, are wonderfully careful about interfering with the "right" of the poor organ grinder to earn a living, and they do not care to see that a man who pays rent and taxes has some little right to be left in peace and quiet to earn his living in his own house. To contend that any one has a "right" to come opposite a man's house and raise a disagreeable noise is the merest affectation of liberality, and one that posterity will find it difficult to understand. If barrel-organs are to be permitted in the streets, it is high time the suggestion were adopted of licences and numbers, in order that the suffering public may have some chance of enforcing their present very limited rights against the disturbers of their peace.—*Daily News.*

We warn women who paint that men are not blind; they can tell readily enough what is genuine in the way of female beauty, even when they have not been initiated, as too many of them have been in this wicked world, into the practical knowledge of what is sham and false. If a good silly girl, who has given in to the fashion of the day, and tried to make her pretty English face prettier by paint, could only hear the way in which her partners discuss her as soon as they have lighted their cigars, she might, perhaps, be shocked and warned, once for all, out of a practice which is not merely a peccadillo, but a blunder. Better still would it be if she could know the grave and serious thoughts of those who hold it a point of honour never to speak ill of women, even the silliest, but whose tender loyalty to the sex is pained and wounded by every instance of feminine folly and affectation. It is for society to express more and more strongly its disapprobation of a system which is contrary to all English notions of decency, while it is really fatal to anything like true female loveliness. Meanwhile, without waiting until society has taken the trouble to express its opinion on the subject, any husband and any father would be quite justified in taking the matter into his own hands, and dinging the paint-pots out of window.—*Telegraph.*

MEETINGS for discussion are usually failures. It is impossible to keep order. It is simply a pitched battle between the two parties into which the community is divided, and a battle fought out by mercenaries and a few volunteers on both sides. Unquestionably the citizens were right in endeavouring to repudiate the rash knight-errantry of their chief magistrate, and to declare that in entering the lists in his official character as the champion of the great political iniquity of the age, he had not in any way represented those in whose name he spoke. But all this would have been more effectually done had a protest been drawn up, respectfully and influentially signed.—*Daily News.*

CITY Conservatism cannot reason, cannot win disciples, cannot resist healthy progress, cannot gain triumphs at the polling-booth; but the events of this week show that it has an undoubted talent for animal noise and clamour. For their own sakes, however, the Tories should discourage the zeal of the roughs.—*Telegraph.*

The Democrats of New York, who occupy the same relative position to the community as the Tories do in England, have a standing league with the scoundrelism of the Five Points, and can always count upon their assistance in periods of exigency. The spectacle of Monday was an Americanising of our institutions, with a vengeance. The disturbers of the peace belonged to the worst class of nightbirds who prowl in the neighbourhood of Drury-lane and the Haymarket—men who have no habitation nor avocation in the City, but entered it at the instigation of some of Mr. Disraeli's friends, for the sole purpose of creating disorder, and having got their pay, retired to their own haunts of infamy.—*Star.*

There is something ineffably droll in the view which the Catholic Bishops take of their share in the negotiation with the Government. According to the confession of these very reverend gentlemen they entered into the correspondence with the British Government in something of the same spirit in which a Chinese merchant receives his customer. It is the pleasant custom of the trade in an Oriental bazaar for the dealer to ask as his first price about six times as much as he means to take; and the mention of the opening figure is regarded as only a kind of formal prelude, and business-like preliminary to the final purchase. That the customer should turn away from a stall merely because the first price asked was a little excessive would be regarded as almost as monstrous a piece of conduct as if he had actually yielded to the first demand and paid the full sum. Apparently, Archbishop Lecky and his fellow delegate proceeded on this same intelligent and candid policy.—*Standard.*

We suggest that if the Government say that the negotiations between the Government and the Catholic hierarchy are at an end, there will be some plausibility in the suspicion that Mr. Disraeli's overture to Ultramontanism in March and his incendiary Orangeism in June are electioneering tricks. English Protestants will hardly be such easy dupes as the Irish Catholic bishops seem to have been.—*Daily News.*

A SYSTEMATIC THIEF.—James McKenzie, well-dressed, of superior appearance, was finally examined at Westminster, charged with a series of robberies at various houses where he had been seeking lodgings. It appeared from the evidence that the prisoner, who is a person of superior manners and respectable exterior, has been in the habit of going about from place to place, taking lodgings, staying in them a short time, and then decamping with whatever he could lay his hands on. He usually represented himself as a young gentleman from Edinburgh, who had come to London to enter on a civil service appointment, and to Mrs. Sims, of 8, Gunter-terrace, Chelsea, he stated he was related to Sir Walter Scott, completely throwing her off her guard; from her he stole four books value 30s. and from Mrs. Carpenter, 53, Seaton-street, and Mrs. Bennett, of 10, Oakley-crescent, Chelsea, he stole watches and various articles of jewellery; there were, in fact, a multitude of cases against him, in all of which he was identified. On the afternoon of Saturday week, Mrs. Sims saw him at Charing-cross, and on speaking to him he ran away into Craig's-court, but doubled back into the arms of Skinner, 240 A, who took him into custody, finding in his possession pawn tickets, a gold guard, 15s., and a large number of shirt and sleeve studs, sleeve links, brooches, &c. He was fully committed for trial.

THE HAITIAN INSURRECTION.—The steamer Darien, from Kingston on the 26th ultimo, arrived at Liverpool on Monday. Her advice confirms the news already received via New York of the defeat of Salnave's troops by the revolutionists. All communication with the south of Hayti was cut off. Salnave, with a few followers, was in Fort Bigoton, and had declared the town in a state of siege, threatening to set it on fire if the inhabitants did not assist him to repel the rebels. H.M.S. Phoebe was guarding British interests. H.M.S. Royalist had got off the rocks near Port-au-Prince.

SHOCKING SUICIDE.—On Friday night a painter, named Francis Kelly, residing in Netherfield-road, North Everton, a suburb of Liverpool, ran into a butcher's shop, and seizing a knife off a block, plunged it twice into his left breast, and then ran down the street. He was with some difficulty conveyed to the Great Northern Hospital, where he died from the self-inflicted wounds.

THE VOLUNTEER REVIEW.

It was a grand review on Saturday of nearly twenty-seven thousand volunteers of all arms—Cavalry, Engineers, Artillery, and Rifles—and Windsor Park looked superb, in the presence of Her Majesty and all the adult members of the Royal family at present in England. The review did not commence until five o'clock, owing to the delay of the troops travelling from London by the South-Western line; and the spectators, many of whom had been on the ground for three hours, were perhaps wearied before the display began. The marching past was, on the whole, good, while several distinguished corps kept up their reputation. The sham fight that followed was well conceived and admirably executed. On leaving the ground the Queen was very loudly cheered by the Volunteers. It is just eight years since the Queen last reviewed a large number of Volunteers in Hyde Park.

Perhaps something short of complete success may be admitted. The weather, improved by a refreshing shower, was as perfect as an Epicurean could desire; the scene of operations is one of the loveliest spots in the home counties; ample and excellent arrangements had been made to secure punctuality and order, and provide a spectacle worthy of the auspicious occasion. Considering that a number of men, equivalent in strength to a Prussian corps d'armée, were expected on the ground, nearly the whole of whom had to be transported by railway and marched through Windsor, the utmost care and forethought had to be displayed in guarding against mischance and confusion. Nor have we heard that the civil and the military authorities failed at any point to foresee the needs of the occasion, or to devise the requisite arrangements. Not only were the troops directed by the ordinary routes, but, to relieve the pressure on the streets, General Lindsay adopted the excellent plan of bridging the Thames at Datchet. The Queen, who took a keen and personal interest in the proceedings from the first, drove through the Home Park to the banks of the Thames, to see the engineers lay their pontoons, and was present when the first regiment, leading the infantry column destined to cross the river, marched over the structure. The Volunteers who were fortunate enough to quit the train at Datchet thus had the privilege of an unofficial inspection, and Her Majesty seemed highly pleased with the impromptu picture. But, despite the well-matured plans of the staff, the hour fixed for the review arrived and all the troops were not on the ground. The Queen was kept waiting because at some point the railway arrangements had broken down. Instead of beginning at four, the review did not commence until five o'clock, and even at that late hour, crack regiments which had been detained were still approaching the park "at the double." Nevertheless, there were many thousands of troops in due array, and the scenic effect, extremely brilliant, was only marred by the startling diversity in the clothing of the various corps.

Two incidents interfered to prevent the review from deserving the epithet triumphant. We have referred to the breakdown of the railway arrangements. At some point in the network of communication between Windsor and the rest of England there was a defect which, had the troops been directed on real service, might have been fatal. Whether through their own neglect, or that of others, we will not say, the railway companies failed to bring them at the appointed hour. Several regiments were thus detained on the road, and, of course, the arrangements of the staff for brigading the troops were thrown into confusion. Formations had to be devised impromptu, time was wasted, tempers were tried, the Queen was kept waiting, and the first military virtue, punctuality, was violated. Now the public has a right to expect a little extra care and forethought on these national occasions. The demand made for transport was not sudden, ample time having been allowed for preparation. No excuse, short of an accident disabling the rolling-stock, breaking the rails, and blocking up the way, can be admitted in palliation of the failure to land the troops in time. During war, every railway would, of course, be at the absolute disposal of the authorities; during peace, railway directors and managers should make it a point of policy, not less than honour, to show that they will not be wanting. Although the lack of punctuality upset the military plans, yet that was not the worst incident in the proceedings of Saturday. We see, with regret, that certain Volunteer regiments failed altogether to fulfil the commonest requirements of discipline. It is recorded that on the march home some of the corps moving towards the Datchet pontoons so far forgot themselves as to break ranks and rush headlong upon the bridge, in order to anticipate their turn at the railway station. General Lindsay thus had practical proof that his warnings were not unnecessary; and we can well imagine that he was indignant at behaviour which showed a discipline only skin-deep. Happily, he was present, and mitigated the mischief to some extent by forming the first regiment that came to hand across the bridge-head. Nevertheless, the disorderly and mutinous crowd, we are told, engaged in a personal encounter with the bridge guard, and the men disgraced themselves by a double disobedience of orders. It will be no more than an act of justice should the General's report, not only stigmatise such conduct in severe terms, but also name the corps to which the offenders belong.

It would be too much to speak of June 20th, 1868, as the date of a fresh accession and a new reign; but we may hope that the Volunteer Review at Windsor is only the commencement of a period bringing back a Queen who never neglects an essential duty to share in the national ceremonies and the rarer public proceedings of her subjects. Whatever may befall, there was a poetic fitness in the choice of Accession-day for the Windsor gathering; and the nation will rejoice should Queen Victoria, in some part of Great Britain, celebrate every recurring anniversary of her happy advent by reviewing her volunteer defenders.

DEATH OF ARCHDEACON DODGSON.—The Rev. Charles Dodgson, M.A., Archdeacon of Richmond, canon of Ripon Cathedral, and rector of Croft, near Darlington, died on Sunday evening rather suddenly. The archdeacon had been out within a day or two, but was seized with a severe attack of diarrhoea, which carried him off in a few hours. The archdeacon was appointed to the living of Croft in 1848, by Sir Robert Peel, the living being in the gift of the Crown, upon the recommendation, it was understood, of the present Archbishop of Canterbury, who was then Bishop of Durham, and he was subsequently made canon of Ripon. The living of Croft is worth, according to the clergy list, £850 per year, but it is understood to be now in value above £1,000. The deceased was a High Churchman, and has delivered some remarkable charges at his visitations. He will be known to some in consequence of a controversy which occurred between him and Dr. Goode, the Dean of Ripon, which took place three or four years since on the Eucharist.

THE IRISH CHURCH QUESTION.—EXTRAORDINARY PROCEEDINGS AT THE GUILDHALL.

On Monday afternoon the meeting of the citizens of London, convened by the Lord Mayor in compliance with a requisition, numerous signed, was held at the Guildhall, "to express their sentiments upon Mr. Gladstone's Established Church (Ireland) Bill." The admission, as usual, was free to the body of the hall; but special tickets were issued for the platform, which on this occasion was extended to one-fourth the length of the chamber, and provided with seats for between 300 and 400 persons. The attendance, as might have been anticipated, was very large.

The first attempt at expression of opinion was on the entrance of Alderman Sir W. Rose, who was received by the Tories with deafening cheers, interspersed with groans and hisses from the liberals, who wound up with volleys after volleys of these uncongratulatory greetings, but which were instantly replied to by a renewal of the noisy welcomes from the other side. The worthy alderman was accompanied by Mr. Nugent, secretary of the National Club. An apparently deprecatory little speech was attempted by Sir William, but not a word was heard. Mr. Gilpin, M.P., and Mr. Beales next entered, and the cheering and hissing were renewed as the views of these gentlemen were approved or not by the audience in front of the platform, and the preponderance of the former, even at this early period, conclusively proved that no pains had been spared to ensure a preponderating attendance of the independent or dependent supporters of the pro-establishment party.

Immediately afterwards, Sir W. Rose made movement towards the front of an enclosed space, designed as a sort of rostrum from which the chairman was to open, and the other speakers were to continue, the proceedings. This led to a sort of personal scuffle. Mr. C. Gilpin, M.P., rushing, abreast with the alderman, to the front, and Mr. Beales also showing himself in the same position. This scene excited corresponding uproar in the hall, cheers, groans, and whistling being loudly mingled, and a minute afterwards the struggle gave place to a comparative calm, the prominent space which had been contended for being left vacant. By this time, however, it had become evident that the proceedings were to be of an unusually animated character, and that the leaders of the opposing parties were ready for a fierce struggle, and had marshalled their forces accordingly.

Little could be said; nothing was fairly heard, and the whole ended in a riot. Finally an individual named M. Clure, who was one of a knot of clamorous Orangemen on the platform, stepped forward and proposed a vote of thanks to the Lord Mayor. The boisterous cheering which the proposition evoked from the roughs was succeeded by hooting, groaning, and hissing on their part, when Mr. J. J. Merriman moved a vote of censure on the Lord Mayor. He attempted to address the meeting from the spot previously occupied by M. Clure, when he was seized by the collar and nearly strangled in the presence of four or five policemen, by whom his piteous appeal, "Help me, I shall be killed!" was altogether disregarded. Three or four able-bodied friends, however, rescued him from his unenviable position, whereupon, undeterred by the effects of rough handling, he jumped on to the reporters' table and asked for separately and obtained from the section of the meeting representing unpaid respectability cheers for Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Bright, Mr. Mill, and Ireland. Mr. Merriman, several members of the Reform League, and others then took their departure, and the hall was left to the uncontested possession of M. Clure, Pittman, the roughs, and a dozen policemen.

While the meeting within the hall was being held, those who failed to obtain admission were addressed from the top of a "four-wheeler," by Messrs. Weston, Cremer, and Osborne, of the Reform League, whose sentiments were pretty generally applauded.

The disgraceful means by which free discussion at the meeting was prevented were fully exposed when the hall had been cleared. Ragged, besotted looking scoundrels from St. Giles's, Westminster, and the neighbourhood of Drury-lane, assembled in knots near the Guildhall, and were soon joined by persons of a better class, who either in the open streets or at the adjacent public-houses, paid them sums varying from 2s. 6d. to 1s. 6d. In several instances they quarrelled about the money, and the police had to be appealed to for the purpose of preserving order. Our reporter ascertained from one of the hirelings that he and thirty or forty others had been employed by an individual residing in Wood-street, Westminster, and he also ascertained the name of a man living in Drury-court who was "captain" of a gang of fourteen. The pay of the "longshore-men"—who were, of course, considered important personages when compared with the gaul-birds who accompanied them—was 4s. for the day.

A correspondent says:—"Sir: There were two meetings held to-day—one in the Guildhall, and one in the Guildhall-yard. Your reporter was present at one—I was a witness of both. If he is able to record the speeches in the hall he is a cleverer man than I take him to be; and as he did not know of the meeting in the yard, I venture to report the result of its action. The open-air meeting was quiet and undisturbed, and the resolution in favour of disestablishment was carried by an immense majority; there was no faggleman on the wagon, and there was no cheer, either before or after the meeting, at the expense of the 'Constitutional Association.' Inside the hall, however, the case was very different, and from beginning to end the proceedings reflect little credit on the parties concerned."

EXTRAORDINARY DEATH FROM POISON.

An inquiry was held on Tuesday by Mr. Richards, deputy coroner, at Lion-house, Lower Clapton, relative to the death from the inhalation of poison of Mr. Capel Henry Berger, aged twenty-eight years. Mr. C. B. Berger, Lion-house, said that deceased lived with him and was a colour manufacturer. He suffered for a fortnight past from a very severe toothache, but a dentist advised him to preserve the tooth and bear the pain. He was an accomplished chemist, and he tried all sorts of things to allay his sufferings. On Sunday last while at church he had to sit in a great draft, and that brought on a relapse of the pain. In the afternoon he went to his room, according to his custom, and bolted himself in for the purpose of spending some time in devotion. When his sister called him down to tea, she could not make him hear, and ultimately witness broke open the door, and found him lying dead on the floor upon some flexible tubing which communicated with a bottle of carbolic acid. His face was quite black, and he had vomited. It was clear that he had died from the carbolic acid, but he had not committed suicide.

Dr. J. B. Metcalf said that deceased had fixed an elastic tube, 10 feet long, to a large glass jar of carbolic acid, and had then evidently seated himself in a chair, and had inserted the end of the tube in his mouth, for the purpose of allowing a drop of the liquid to fall on the tooth. He had a brass regulator on the tube to control the quantity of the acid, but it did not act efficiently, and the volatile poison overcame him, and he became giddy and fell. Being alone in the room, the poison continued flowing into his mouth, and the heart's action was stopped, and he died. The remedy which he tried was a new one, and the deceased was in the habit of recommending it to his friends. It should never be used without medical assistance.

The jury returned a verdict of "Accidental death from inhaling carbolic acid as a cure for the toothache."

SIR ROBERT NAPIER.—Sir Robert Napier and staff left Alexandria on Tuesday in Her Majesty's transport vessel *Urgent* for Malta. Theodore's son, in charge of Captain Speedy, will come on to Portsmouth.

THE DRAWING ROOM.

THE PARISIAN FASHIONS.

THE gay Parisians have taken flight; brilliant Paris is losing her elegance. Some few still remain, but their number is by no means legion. The railways, it is true, carry off this brilliant world as if by magic; when the court leaves the upper ten follow their leader, and disappear from among us. But Paris is central, and so dear to its citizens that an excuse is always found to return to it. Curiously enough, it is found the nearest route to and from the German spas—to and from the seaside—to and from all country seats. Nobody says adieu for any long period; everybody hopes to be in Paris shortly, on some pretext or other. In this way the Bois de Boulogne is never really deserted, and amid the tourists and provincials who throng it during the summer months it is easy to discern the fresh toilette, the unmistakable stamp of the true Parisian élégante.

The court leads a quiet life at Fontainebleau. The young Duke d'Albe and his sisters are lodged with their governess in the Pavilion Louis XV. The Prince Imperial, so says a contemporary, rises every morning at half-past five. A professor, belonging to one of the Paris colleges, reaches Fontainebleau by the six o'clock train, and reads with the prince until breakfast time. In the afternoon there is another professor and other studies. The living languages, Latin, and even a little algebra, constitute the present objects of study. The prince is fond of riding in a velocipede, and makes boating parties with his cousins. A pistol gallery has just been organised for his amusement. The prince usually dresses in the morning in a blue knickerbocker suit, and in the evening in black velvet. He looks in better health than formerly, but is still very delicate. We must not stay to chronicle the events at Fontainebleau, but retrace our steps to Paris.

The weather has been magnificent of late in this most brilliant of capitals, and the Champs Elysées is now the favourite resort during these long summer evenings. The nightly scene is picturesquely sylvan, decorated as it is with choice shrubs, sparkling fountains, and innumerable lights. There are plenty of outdoor amusements; the open-air concerts are admirable, the programmes of modern music being unusually well selected.

The fickle goddess Fortune appears to have decreed as follows:—First, that there shall be abundance of crinoline, or bustle, or panier, or tournure (for the bunch at the back goes by a variety of names) just below the waist, but that there should be little or none at the lower half of the skirt.

Secondly, that there should be no trains worn in the streets, long skirts to be kept exclusively for indoor wear. That if a lady desires to wear a train when driving out during the day, the skirt should be so short in front that her feet are plainly visible. Therefore pretty boots are indispensable.

Thirdly, A medley of materials quite indescribable; the more flounces, ruffles, bows, and pompons, the more the skirts are looped up in bunches, the better is the wearer's right to consider herself elegant and fashionable.

Fourthly, Bonnets are reduced to nothing, and still men milliners charge 150 francs apiece for these nothings. I say men milliners advisedly, for at the present moment they are all the rage; the Parisians would patronise a man dressmaker, and now they will have men to help and advise in the selection of their head-dresses; so chapeliers are taking the place of modistes.

The fashionable bonnets (if bonnets they can be called) are the Watteau fanchon, the Lamballe plateau, and the toquet. There are other varieties; but these three are the popular shapes. The Watteau fanchon, whether it is made in tulle or straw, measures only three inches in length, and is trimmed either with a star of flowers in the centre of the forehead, or with an agrafe of flowers at the side, long sprays falling over the back hair. The Lamballe plateau is even younger and more coquettish-looking than the fanchon. It is round, as its name indicates, and is decorated with either a wreath of small flowers, or moss rosebuds and moss, a large half-opened bud being placed at the side. These plateaux are exceedingly pretty when made of rice straw, with loops of black ribbon at the back, and black ribbon strings likewise tied at the back, the ends being allowed to float to the waist.

As to the toquets, they defy description; the last invention is the Pourtales, and it is a bijou. It is made of black straw; the crown is somewhat high, the brim that turns up is lined with black velvet, and quillies of black lace almost entirely conceal the straw. An aigrette trembles at the side, and in the centre of the forehead there is a rose—a beautiful black satin rose, with a spray of foliage falling on the shoulders.

I will now describe some of the toilettes worn at the last races. The Empress appeared in a toilette of pale blue Laintown foulard, very much looped up and bouffant. The tunic was trimmed with Venetian point, likewise the Marie Antoinette fichu. There was a blue feather with Venetian point lappets on Her Majesty's white fanchon. The Duchess de Mouchy, in a pale blue poulx de soie toilette. The skirt short in front and with a train at the back; round the edge of the skirt a deep flounce covered with point d'Alençon, the head of the flounce concealed by a flat plaiting, à la vieille; in front a ladder of blue bows, and at each side of the bows a trimming of point d'Alençon, arranged en tablier. Marie Antoinette fichu crossing in front, with the ends falling at the side, entirely of point d'Alençon. White bonnet, ornamented with blue feathers and Alençon lace lappets. Blue parasol, covered with lace to correspond with the rest of toilette.

The Princess Achille Murat, née Princess de Mingrelia, in pink poulx de soie dress, a large lace bachelier, a white tulle bonnet with white feather and aigrette; tulle strings.

The Countess de Pourtales, in a pearl-grey silk Watteau costume, covered with narrow flounces; tunic looped up very high at the back and sides, likewise pearl-grey; black lace Marie Antoinette fichu; black straw and black lace toquet, with black lace lappets fastened on the chignon an aigrette at the side.

Countess Fernandina in a similar toilette, only blue instead of straw-coloured. The equipage in which these two ladies drove down was most extraordinary; it was a sort of landau with a large glass front; the body of the carriage was painted golden yellow, and the jockeys wore cerise satin caps and jackets.

I have still to remark the Countess de St. Pol, in a deep pink silk dress trimmed with white lace. Mlle. Clary (cousin to the Duchess de Mouchy) was in a charming shot costume, the colour gorge de pigeon, and a black lace Watteau bonnet ornamented with an agrafe of roses.

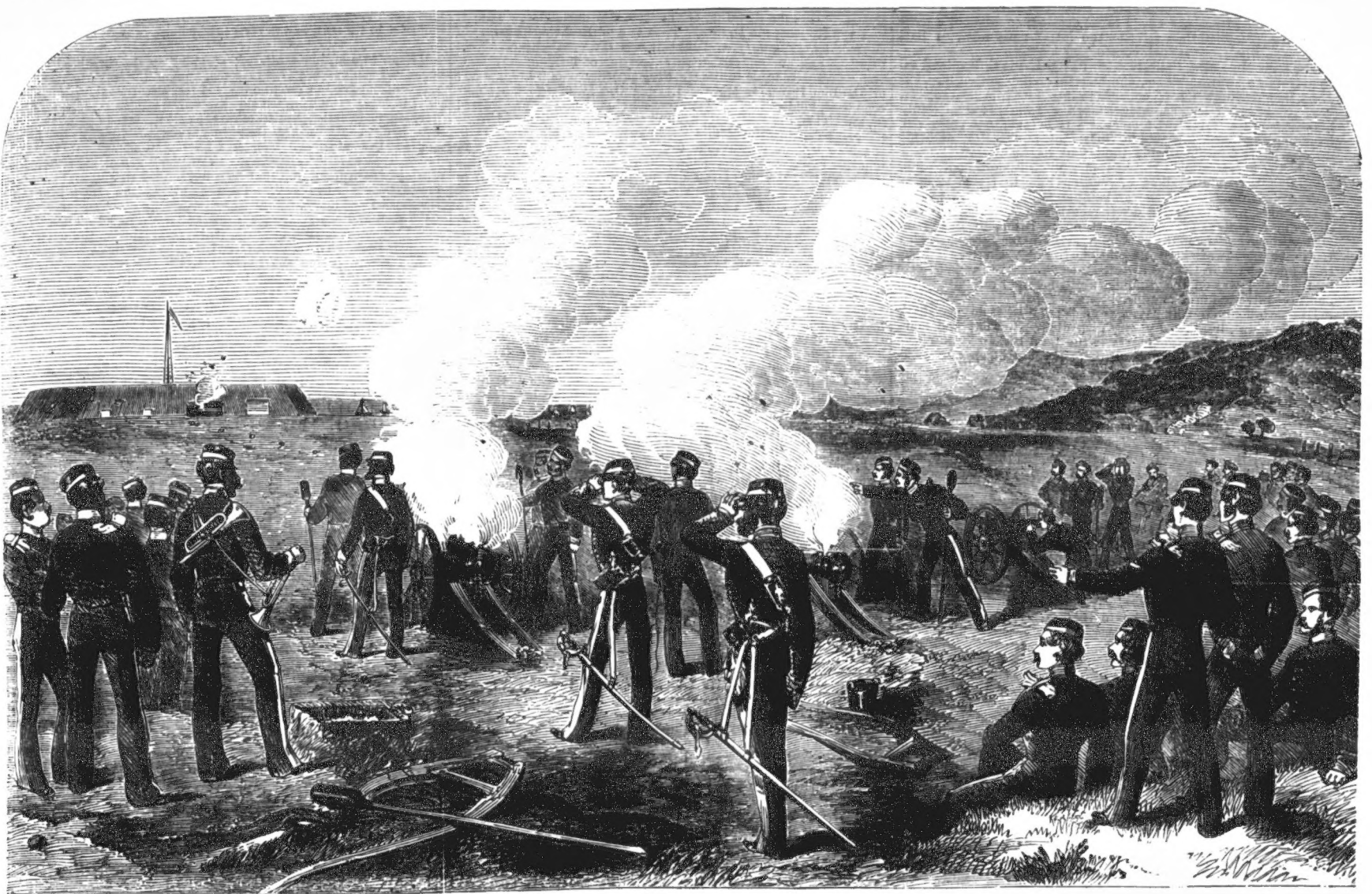
Madame Elise made some exquisite toilettes for the races; amongst others the pretty costume of black chalis, looped up over a blue silk petticoat, and worn by the Baroness de P.; likewise the Marchioness de V.'s toilette of pale green silk with a striped Chambéry gauze tunic over it, the latter exquisitely trimmed with gimp and straw.—ELIANE DE MARSY in the "Queen."

THE SUICIDE IN HYDE PARK.—The inquest on the body of Thomas Alberry, aged 38, who was found dead in Hyde-park on Thursday, was held on Monday at St. George's Hospital. The deceased had been a gentleman's coachman, but was out of employ. He left his wife on the morning of his death in a very desponding frame of mind in consequence of his reduced circumstances. He told her that he was tired of his life, and could bear it no longer. His body was found on the banks of the Serpentine with an empty bottle which had contained prussic acid lying by his side, all the money in his possession amounted to 2d. A post mortem examination showed that death had resulted from poisoning with prussic acid, and a verdict was returned to the effect that death arose from deceased having taken a dose of prussic acid whilst of unsound mind.



CARTHAGE.

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BALL PRACTICE AT WOOLWICH COMMON.

The Baddington Peerage.

BY GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

CHAPTER XLVII.—(CONTINUED.)
THE ELEVENTH HOUR.

It blew great guns all day long, and the streets were nearly as empty as on a Derby day. People with goloshes, stout overcoats, and serviceable umbrellas—their own or borrowed—can stand rain. Some like it: I do. Furs, comforters, flannels, and woollen mufflers will keep out the cold; and hot brandy-and-water, when you can get enough of it, is a great crutch. In hot weather the philosopher can walk in a straw hat and his shirt-sleeves; or, if he chooses to sacrifice to the graces, he may carry his coat gently over his arm. But you can't do anything with or against a windy day. *Omnia vincit amor*. So does the wind vanquish most things. It gets down your back; it insinuates itself between the flesh and the wristband of the tightest-buttoned glove; it draws tears from the eyes and rheum from the corners of the mouth; it makes the hair a torment and the cavities of the ears miseries; it causes the teeth to chatter, and the lower garments to flap in an unseemly manner against the benumbed calves; it makes the nose to ache, and the bristles of the newly-shaven beard to tingle, and evoketh crimson blotches, unsightly to the eye, on the cheekbones; it tieth knots in ladies' cap ribbons, and bloweth their bonnets nine-bauble square, and sendeth hats away skimming, far away from human heads, baffling pursuit, injuring valuable property (the intrinsic value of a hat is immense, for it is the most difficult article in the whole wardrobe to obtain on credit), to the despair of the owners and the boisterous merriment of vulgar boys; it sendeth pungent dust up inflated nostrils. I hate the wind. It is a stupid leveller and irrational democrat; a ruffianly swaggerer, wrecking ships, smashing the roof of the Crystal Palace, tearing the limbs off good old oaks, tumbling over established chimney-pots, and weather-cocks hallowed by time, making doors and windows to creak, howling in an unearthly and doggish manner, and exposing female ankles that should not be seen. I hate the wind; it is a fool—grinding corn for it knows not whom, and inflating the lungs of other fools to blow their own trumpets withal. I hate the wind for its levity; it is the lightest thing in the world, except a woman.

This bad wind had howled, and crooned, and whistled, and screeched, and gone on anyhow all day, playing the very deuce among the poles for drying linen in back gardens, making nursery-men at Battersea and Fulham clinch their fists, and mutter direful oaths as they surveyed their menaced hot-houses and cucumber frames, and generally trying people's tempers, and disturbing domestic felicity. Cabin-boys had a bad time of it that first of September, when the master of the collier came on board, after dinner, full of salt beef and new rum, and with his terrible "Colt" in his hand. Pinched children, with harsh stepmothers, had reason to rue that windy day. Apprentices were sore harassed by the working jewellers, their masters, and meditated fleeing from their indentures to islands where watches grew on trees, and garnet brooches ran wild. Streets that had hitherto been hopelessly dirty were blown quite clean by the searching blast. Fallen leaves from the trees in St. James's Park were found high up in St. Martin's Lane, Holborn-wards. Beggars struggled up the streets under a press of tatters, and were compelled ever and anon to take in a reef in their rags. The patient cab-horses at the ranks bent their meek heads, and took refuge in well-sown nose-bags, where wind could not penetrate. The Jews, their masters, crouched in rickety coffee-shops, into which the wind eddied fearfully, and blew their decoctions of burnt beans into brown ripples. The policeman had donned his oilskin cape, though it rained not, and the garment flapped and crackled like a dry leaf.

Pipes would not keep a light, candles would not light at all, and if the sacred fire of Zoroaster had been kindled in Trafalgar Square, it would have gone out there and then.

The old Tower stood the brunt of the blast bravely, though the masts of the ships in the river bent like whips. The bridges were firm; but that of Hungerford, which they had been trying to build for some half dozen years or so, creaked and moaned dismally in its timber frame-work. It should have been dark at three, so wretched a day was it; but it kept grayly light till seven, when shuddering gas-lights began to wink and flicker in, as the sly wind insinuated itself through the crevices of the lamp-frames.

It struck seven by the clock of St. Mary-le-Strand as a wretched, ragged, forlorn man in middle life, by age—at the very bottom of life's ladder in misery—passed through the Wellington Street turnstile of Waterloo Bridge, and began to toil over towards the Surrey side.

He was unshod, dirty and dishevelled, fierce and haggard to look upon; but his fierceness and haggardness were those of want, not crime. He wore a cloak—strange that not-to-be-eradicated propensity of pauperised men to wear cloaks—but the mantle was one rag. You had better not ask me whether his battered napless hat had either crown or brim. My own private conviction is that it had neither; but I don't wish to exaggerate matters. Twisted round it, at any rate, and, I believe, pinned with one black pin and a white one, was a wisp of gummy rusty crape; you know—that deadly-looking crape which forms the trimming to the scant mantles of the old women in the free seats of the parish church, who hustle each other for the pews of the sacramental wine, when the "miserable sinners" who are better off have finished kneeling on the red-velvet hassocks round the altar rails, and have departed in their carriages. He wore this crape hat-rag—hat-band if you will—for a little child of his that had died six months before. He had another child at home who was dying.

I don't want to be questioned about his linen. I hope he had a shirt; but appearances were against him; and his coat was buttoned up very high. When I say buttoned up, I may, I hope, be taken to mean pinned up, sewn up, tied up, pasted up, glued up, closed somehow tightly across his breast, as it was. His boots were such prodigies of bankruptcy and distress, that I must refrain from describing them. The whole man was such a walking tatter, that had there been any charitable souls abroad that windy day, there might have been haply some pennies thrown at him, but for a miserable compromise he had essayed to make between utter present beggary and bygone respectability. *He wore gloves!* Such gloves! such woe-begone hand-slippers of faded Berlin of some indescribable colour, if colour they ever possessed, bursting in holes all over, through which the starved flesh showed itself in discoloured patches, like unwholesome blossoms.

This man, battling with the unkind breeze, which blew due east from Shoreditch Railway Station, and beyond that from the bleak headlands of Suffolk, might have been a begging-letter imposter, elaborately "got up" to represent a reduced gentleman, or a decayed tradesman. He might have been a destitute Polish refugee, or a professor of languages with no pupils, or a man with a Chancery suit, or a discoverer of perpetual motion, or one of the fifty thousand castaways with more brains than bread, who are for ever wandering in this metropolis, and whom, if they were set in the pillory, it would be a mercy to pelt with hard-boiled eggs, so that they might eat them afterwards.

He was none of these, but our old friend Philip Leslie, six-and-thirty years of age, quite ruined, broken, and hopeless. Time had dealt no more hardly with him than she had done by thousands of better men, who had been in greater straits, who had suffered greater agonies, who had deserved richer rewards, and who, in one instance only, had been treated with a mercy as yet denied him: in being permitted to Die. He had worked, but nothing had come of it; studied, but nothing had come of it; toiled and striven, but nothing had come of it—save this: The rage, a sick wife at home,

a dying child. His *kismet*, his fate, was against him. He had no luck. Such things happen every day.

I will endeavour to relate his sorry history, since you last parted from him, in a very few words. You have guessed already—I need scarcely tell you again—that it was by Philip Leslie's hand that Charles Falcon, Lord Baddington, fell in the wood of Vincennes, the morning after the *bal masque*. I have never been able to ascertain with any degree of certainty how Philip managed to effect his escape, which he did quite uninterrupted and unmolested immediately after the duel; but I have no doubt he was indebted for his safety to the good offices of the ubiquitous Doctor Ionides, who, Philip noticed, seemed to be on the very best terms with the French police, as far as regarded smoothing away passport difficulties, and answering embarrassing questions. But though the Doctor, or the Professor, or the Captain, or Jack Pollyblank in fact, behaved in the kindest manner to him, "like a Dutch uncle," as he himself humorously expressed it, in bringing him off scot free from the consequences of his deadly encounter, and landing him safe and sound in the fairy mansion in Curzon Street, and in the presence of his lady patroness, Philip could by no means prevail upon him to keep another promise which he had made him, and with some degree of solemnity. Neither entreaties nor remonstrances could move him to redeem his pledge of giving Philip good news of Manuelita, the dancing-girl, or to disclose her whereabouts. He persisted in gloomily averring that he knew nothing of the "hussy;" and after Philip had challenged him to fight another duel—having, like the tiger, gotten an appetite for blood with the first taste—at which cartel he was immensely amused, but jocosely declined it, telling Philip, in good-humoured confidence, that if he attempted to have recourse to such personal violence as he might deem would force him to demand personal satisfaction, he would feel himself called upon to break his jaw, jump on his ribs—"mark him so that his mother wouldn't know him," was the Doctor's amicable definition of the operation—choosing a secluded spot for the performance of the feat. Philip Leslie thought the wisest thing he could do was to leave the depraved giant to his own devices, and to abandon the hopeless pursuit. He revolved all the chances of the matter in his mind; but was unable to decide as to whether Pollyblank had sequestered Manuelita for his own purposes, or whether he was kept from her by order of Lady Baddington. Both the man and the woman were inscrutable beings to him, and he had neither patience enough, nor moral courage, nor will enough, to probe the subject further.

"Had he ever loved Manuelita?" I leave you to divine. Throughout these hazy pages—these sheets written in danger and distress, in sickness and contumely—commenced in a darkened room surrounded by the shadows of death, and drawing rapidly to a limping termination now in a strange land, far away from the friends I love and the kinsfolk who love me not—I have never dared to decide *myself* what were the real motives, the thoughts in the holy of holies of the hearts of the people whose shadowy likenesses I have drawn. I have endeavoured, so far as my lights will permit me, to tell you what they thought and felt; but there are secrets in their souls I cannot fathom. For all shadowy as they are, and rudely and clumsily depicted, I believe in my people. They are not puppets, they are not marionettes; they are not stocks and stones. They exist. They do. They would walk and talk, they would live and breathe, if a more cunning hand than mine could lift the curtain that veils them. I know Jack Pollyblank. I have seen Tinctop. I have dined with Lord Baddington, the old one and the young one. I have been in love with Gécéviève; I, who write. But my diction is incoherent, and my speech is thick and clogged, like that of a dumb man who has been but half reclaimed from mutism by the care of a learned professor. I can see the shapely statue, I can appreciate the glowing picture; but my fingers are clumsy, and cannot mould; my hand is false to my eye, and will not colour.

CARTHAG.

Did Philip love Manuelita, and so easily resign her? I tell you that question is not one easily to be decided, or without a more searching perception than falls to the lot of most men. I hate such fools, who jump at such conclusions hastily.

For some time after the return of Philip Leslie to England his lines fell into pleasant places, and he prospered exceedingly. The Lady Baddington was good enough to introduce him into society. He gave drawing lessons, at a guinea a *seance*, to some of the highest families of the aristocracy. His manner was spoken of, by dowagers almost ineffable in their rank and wealth, as being *distingue*. It was about this time that he knew several lords. His pictures sold well. He had plenty of commissions. The Marquis Tarradiddle talked of sending him to Rome to make water-colour drawings of the arabesques in the *loggia* and *stanzas* of the Vatican. He spent a whole month at Loavesandfishes, the charming retreat, in the New Forest, of the Bishop of Bosfurus. He had the *grandes* and the *petite entrees* in Curzon Street; and her Ladyship was always kind and gracious to him. He lived in hand some apartments in George Street, Hanover Square; rode a horse in the park; was on the candidates' list for the Praxiteles Club; and saved five hundred pounds.

His fortune, you will say, was made; but what do you think this ungrateful, infatuated young man did? He went and married Lucy Stevens, the governess to the Lord Bishop Bosfurus's daughter, a pale-faced young creature, not yet eighteen, and without a penny to bless herself with.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

WHITHER TEND THE CROOKED ROADS.

SPEED thee onward, ragged man, over the bridge, for there is death before thee and death behind thee. Speed thee onward, over the bridge: for it is not good to halt in the bays or look through the balustrades. Speed thee onward.

And be thou accursed, bridge of the fearsome memories, for there is blood upon thy coping-stones, and thy parapets are wet with the tears of women. Never came there any good out of thee; nor profit to the money-spinners that built thee; nor health to those who from thy flagged footways inhaled the deadly miasma of the river; nor a whisper of solace to the wretched, nor of rest to the weary. The feet of the night-prowlers have worn smooth thy stones, and thy roadway has been rutted by the wheels of the chariots that drove fools to their folly and the froward to their destruction. Malign on thee, bridge, that see'st unmoved misery and despair, and the cracking of heartstrings; bridge, at whose tollgates might stand Charon on the one side, and the dog Cerberus on the other; and o'er whose barriers might be written, as above the Inferno's doors, "Ye who enter, leave all hope behind."

The ragged man that was Philip Leslie struggled over the bridge, speeding him towards his miserable home. He had married the governess, and come to grief. As he had made his bed, so he must lie. If he would so fly in the face of his best friends, what could he expect? His best friends told him this, and a variety of other edifying things, when they discarded him. The Viscountess Baddington, in the few brief words in which she informed him that he was never more to expect countenance or assistance from her, took occasion to tell him he was a mean, spiritless fool. Good heaven! what had the man done? What was he to do? He wasn't a lord; why shouldn't he marry the governess? But it was agreed on all sides that he committed an act of gross folly, imprudence, and ingratitude. There is a wonderful unanimity sometimes among people when the fagelman is powerful; and aristocratic England unanimously sent Philip Leslie to Coventry: those who had ordered pictures countermanded them; and some even who had received the works for which they had given commissions were so indignant at the hideous turpitude displayed by Philip in forming that unfortunate matrimonial alliance with the governess, that they would have no more to do with him on any account—not even to the extent of paying him what they owed him. Philip went to law with one quondam patron, the Marquis of Gumbo, author of the Gumbo overcoat and the Gumbo mail-phaeton. His butler called to pay the money a few days after Philip had been bold enough to issue a writ; and the next day Mr. Fusbos, of Regent Street, the great picture-dealer, and extensively patronised by Lord Gumbo, refused to buy any more of Philip's pictures at any price.

Genius accompanied by industry, however it may have to encounter adversity in the outset, must ever, you may say, triumph in the long run! Must it? I tell you that against some run there is this *kismet*, this adverse fate; that against them there has gone forth a fiat of ill-luck, and that whether the wheel of fortune move swiftly or slowly, up-hill, or down-hill, still, crushed beneath the tire, at the bottommost spoke of the wheel, will those men be. They tried a man for vagabondage in France, the other day, before some tribunal of correctional police. They found, on removing his cap, tattooed on his forehead, this strange inscription: "P. a de chance." He had never had a chance. He never was to have one. If he had painted like Raphael, or sung like Tasso, there was yet to be "no luck" about that miserable human house of his. These Murads the Unlucky, these John Hardups, must always exist, I suppose, in order to preserve the equal balance of society, teach us our duties, the value of contentment, the futility of vain efforts, and much more in the didactic and generally imbecile department.

So, after his little brief season of prosperity, "swift as an arrow from a Tartar's bow" went Philip Leslie to ruin. The fagelman of his chorus of detractors was powerful, able, merciless. He fell into the hands of small picture-dealers and disreputable furniture-brokers. His works figured at low auction-rooms in Drury Lane and Holborn Hill. Then he began to work for the Jews; then having pawned everything to buy bread, he took to selling tickets to buy drink. He was kind enough to, and fond enough of, the poor, feeble, sickly girl he had married; only they were too poor to be fond of one another. I have heard of love in a cottage, and believed in it. I have tried, myself, love in a back-kitchen, and have found a cooking-range and a mangle things not wholly insupportable. Were it not for the black beetles, I should prefer it to love in marble halls. But love in a second-floor back; love in one room, with the bed in the corner, the whole place in a perpetual state of babyhood, with a little pile of pawn-tickets on the mantle-piece, with the landlady coming up every ten minutes to tell you, in acid accents, that her landlord will call for his rent to-morrow, so that she will trouble you to settle your little account to-day; love with no coals in the grate, and none in the cupboard, my dear, looms much of its poetry—becomes, in fact, something very like horrible, soul-grinding, heart-breaking prose.

They had a baby or two born in due course, but death had mercifully cut down the little daisies in their meadow till within some eighteen months of the time at which I found Philip again for you. Baby the last lived, a rickety, suffering, feeble little Christian; a poor, white thing, with large eyes that kept ever regarding you—ah! so wistfully, ah! so sadly, as though to ask if this equal misery, this pinching penny of second-floor existence, were the most notable features in the fine showy thing called Life, that men make such fuss about. This was the baby that was ill; and, with its mother, lay on a bed in the corner of a back-room lodging, meekly, uncomplainingly waiting for death.

He had reached home at last, the ragged man. Home had its habitat in a street turning out of the Waterloo Road—a street that I may be excused for calling one-eyed, for it had houses and windows only on one side; the length of the other being entirely occupied by the high brick dead wall of a thundering minor theatre, the Royal Guelph and Ghibelline Theatre, if I am not mistaken. A flaming placard of many colours, nearly as long as the wall itself, was pasted on it, very high up, and out of the

reach of filibustering billstickers of rival establishments. It informed the world that the Royal G. G. Theatre was unrivalled. That it was the Home of the Drama. That it was the favourite resort of the nobility and gentry, and that it was favoured with continual overflows and an unprecedented succession of brilliant novelties. References were made to the startling melodrama of "Leary Jen; or, the Life Preserver and the Lagged One;" also to the forthcoming real old Surrey-side domestic drama, "Smiles and Tears; or, the Union, the Mill, the Jug, and the Stepper." Talma Cogges, the great Transpontine comedian, known among his admirers in the New Cut as "Speak-out Cogges," had been engaged at an immense sacrifice to perform the part of Leary Jen for six nights longer at this temple of the drama. Philip had vainly tried to obtain employment in his old vocation of a scene-painter. They had taken him on for about a fortnight one Christmas-time to fill-paper-up some coral columns in the grand transformation scene of the pantomime—the dazzling halls of enchanting delight in the realms of Rummydity; but the curse of the Viscountess's anger seemed to pursue him everywhere. The management contemptuously recorded its opinion that "there was no good in that fellow;" he drank, he smoked, he was always playing cribbage, he neglected his wife, he didn't wash, he wasn't clever; he was lazy, proud, conceited, unprincipled, they said. Hundreds of things were said of the same sort; for, you see, the world was against him. Terrible odds, those: yourself against the world!

He had been out all the morning, trying to borrow, or beg, or get a little money anyhow. They had physic from the dispensary in sufficient quantity; but there are times when the best dose of physic is a bottle of port wine, and the best bolus a beefsteak. But there was no money in London that windy day—none, at least, for Philip Leslie. There was such a tightness in the money-market, and about the entrance to the trouser's pockets of mankind—such a padlocking of human hearts, and hasting, barring, stapling, and chaining up of human sympathies—that Philip might as well have appealed to Alderman Waltham's obelisk at the corner of Fleet Street, or Charles the First's statue at Charing Cross, as to men and women that day. There was no money in the city (where things, by the way, had been terribly bad lately), and no money in Westminster. The few friends who yet remained to him were either too poor to assist, or tired out by repeated loans to him. Misery to you when you have worn out the kindness and forbearance of your friends! How he had succeeded in his interview with her Grace the Duchess of Minniver, once Viscountess of Baddington, you have already learnt through the medium of Mr. Tinctop's mamma. He had seen her Grace again that day—the day of the wind—but not to speak to her. Her luxurious chariot, the ducal coronet on the panels, was rolling swiftly through Oxford Street. He had just caught one glimpse of her beautiful face, with her golden hair shining and wavering amidst the lace of her bonnet. He saw it all, for a moment. The warm autumn dress, the tiny sable muff, the Skye-terrier, sitting in supreme ugliness, an animated ball of worsted, in her lap. The rosy coachman had five capes to his coat, and wore a wig; the flour on the footman's head would have made bread for the dear ones at home; the trinkets about the small-veined heads of the horses would have made the second-floor back a palace; the very carriage-rug was ampler, warmer, than all the bed-furniture he had, poor man, put together. And he, destitute, forlorn, castaway, he had enjoyed all these things. He had sat on the soft cushions, ridden in the carriage, lain at the woman's feet, kissed her false hand, been petted by her—beautiful, cruel, wicked as she was. It was all over, now—never to return. Did you never look at a scene, a thing, a face you had enjoyed, revelled in, played with, caressed, and, revisiting it, or seeing it pass, feel that there was a gulf ten thousand miles wide between you and what was once your goods and chattels—your slave and plaything. So, looking, the voice of your heart cries "Never more, never more!" and you slowly and sadly plod on the way of all men born to die. And so the carriage passed Philip, and left him (with some of the mud from its wheels on his torn clothes) in the midst of Oxford Street, the opium-eater's "stony-hearted step-mother." The carriage stopped at the door of the Pantheon, and the Duchess alighted and entered the bazaar. What was she doing in town, now that the season was over? Why was she not on her way to the Continent, to one of her princely castles and palaces? With an insane, hopeless, almost mechanical clinging to the phantom of that which once has been, Philip followed the carriage, and was about to enter the building; but a sumptuous beadle, with a golden bulb, like a pumpkin, at the top of his staff, drove him back frowningly, making indignant comments on his torn apparel, and shapeliness, shameful boots. Oh! the unpardonable Sin of Poverty! Miss Teazlum's school for young ladies was just fitting out of the bazaar as the repulse took place. Clara Fisher, the belle of the school, laughed. Luara Toogood, the wag (a bold girl), made a face at the wretched man as she passed him; but a sigh stole from little Kitty Clover's lips, and she said, "Poor fellow!" He did look very poor, indeed. But for fear of Miss Teazlum, Kitty would have run after the ragged man and given him that fourpenny-piece, the last remains of Uncle John's bright silver crown. As it was, a tear stood in her eye. She was always crying at other people's sorrows, and laughing at her own, this foolish little school-girl. God bless thee, little Kitty: pleasant little Samaritan, with soft brown hair plaited into two tails, the gipsy-hat, and the frilled trousers. God bless thee, though I met thee but once, and for a moment, in a crowded street. Go thy ways, and be happier than the wretched man whom thou didst pity.

Spurned from the door, ragged Philip had that afternoon prowled up Poland Street, and so into Great Marlborough Street, where you know is situated the back entrance to the Pantheon Bazaar. And as he passed the door, a man went in swiftly; a man with huge black whiskers, and dressed in a showy, flashy, half-foreign style. He was visible but for a moment, and was gone.

"As I live," cried Philip, "that must be Jack Pollyblank."

At other times, long, long ago, he had scornfully refused the fellow's proffered aid; but now he would have taken a crown, a shilling from him, and have been thankful for it. He pressed quickly to the door, and would have entered; but he was repulsed again by a second edition of the sumptuous beadle, who told him, in no very polite terms, that the place was not for such as he.

"But I have a friend here, a gentleman, whom I must see," Philip said, vainly struggling to obtain admittance.

"A friend, a gentleman! I desay," the official answered, sneeringly. "A friend, I suppose, who is fond of priggish things off the counters, and isn't at all averse to the flower-pots in the conservatory. Come, git along with you, or I'll call the 'p'lice."

There was nothing to be done, nothing to be said; and with a heart long since as heavy, but now growing harder than the nether mill-stone, Philip Leslie turned on his heels, and stalked gloomily down Carnaby Street. There was mischief in the man.

So he had come home to the house in the slum, desperate, penniless, for his last halfpenny had gone to pay the bridge-toll. Somebody was walking with him, solitary as he seemed. The somebody was not Jack Pollyblank:—had the beadle not warned him off the Pantheon premises, that somebody would not have made his appearance, and all things in his life might have been changed. As it was, Somebody linked his arm in his. It was the same Somebody who had been his companion along the great north road, as he sped on his two hundred and ten miles' journey to London, years before. The house in which was his miserable room had a shop attached to it, a chandler's-shop: a dank little glory-hole of a place. It made Philip doubly desperate to look at the eatables displayed in the window, cumbering the shelves and counter, coarse, rank viands at best; mouldy cheese, rancid butter, bacon, red herrings, saveloys, and loaves of inferior bread. Coarse

as they were, they would have been luxuries to him; but his credit had long since been exhausted. He was in debt for victuals and in debt for rent, and not one penny more in cash or kind could he raise.

"I can't go in," he muttered, stopping on the threshold of the door; "I can't go in; God help me." And burst out crying.

It was not good to see him cry. I tell you that there was mischief in him. His were not the tears of a tender sorrow that in weeping finds relief, but tears rather of burning impatience and rage against the world that had been so hard upon him; against the men and women who had used him so cruelly. Those tears were the salt waves of the Black Sea of Despair. He repeated again to himself that he could not go in yet, and that he would take a little walk. Then slunk up the street into the Waterloo Road again.

Oh rash and miserable man, pause and come back! The golden prime is come: wealth, honours, titles, await thee in the wretched two-pair back. There, demurely sitting by thy sick wife's side, is Seth Tinctop, hiding the Levite beneath the Samaritan's robe, and for once pouring oil and balm into her wounds. There is a flush upon her pallid cheek, as he tells her that thou art a peer of the realm—a lord of the land—that thou wilt have vast estates, and stores of gold, and silver, and jewels. There is a viscount's coronet (with a slight lawnet attached to it, whose expenses Mr. Tinctop will gladly pay) waiting for thee upstairs.

Pause, then—nay, speed thee onward if the inexorable Fates have willed it so. The curse of blood-guiltiness is upon thee, and never came happiness yet from that title of Baddington. So he went onward, and the shadows of the evening closed up behind him like drapery, as he plunged into the maze of streets.

(To be continued.)

THE ATTITUDE OF PRUSSIA.

THE speech of the King of Prussia on closing the Customs Parliament talks of the blessings of peace. There is every reason to suppose that his Prussian Majesty is sincere, and that if the peace of Europe is imperilled the danger does not come from the eastern side of the Rhine. As the question is daily mooted in the French press it should be fairly raised—Is there any prospect of war? The public in France say yes, and ascribe to their Government the intention of resorting to the *ultima ratio* sooner or later. Some blame it, and others praise it, but there is no doubt on the subject. By the way, we often see references in the English papers to the repeated declarations of the Emperor Napoleon in favour of peace. That phrase seems a stereotyped one. It is simply the affirmation of a falsehood. The Emperor has not indulged in any of these declarations for which he is given credit. Ever since the speech delivered by his Majesty at Amsiens or Lille, noting the existence of "black spots" in the horizon, the Emperor has kept his own counsel. M. Rouher has made pacific and Marshal Niel has made warlike speeches, but no clue has been afforded as to the Emperor's intentions. His Majesty has given his approval to M. Rouher's pacific utterances, but he has also sanctioned the preparations of Marshal Niel. The general impression in political circles is that there will be no war this year; but it is only an impression, and the more they think over it the less the public can bring themselves to believe that the Government is squandering millions in military preparations meant merely for show. Military men talk of an Autumn campaign, and chuckle over the reminiscence that the war which culminated at Austerlitz was only commenced in September. Let us hope they may be wrong. But the fact remains that since 1812 France has not made such efforts to organise an army as she is making just now. If all this labour and all this pecuniary outlay be simply meant to train a number of men to the use of firearms, it must be set down as a very expensive and useless training; and, as French finances are the reverse of prosperous, it is not easy to suppose that all these pecuniary sacrifices are merely an *affaire de luxe*. If it is, all I can say is that an evil spirit has been inspiring the French Government. It is not just now in a position to burden the country with all the expenses of war without any of the compensations of *amortissement*—a very important point with Frenchmen—that war affords. —Paris Correspondent of the "Standard."

DOUBLE LAUNCH AT ROTHERHITHE.—Two fine merchant vessels were launched at Rotherhithe on Saturday, an event which, it is stated, has not occurred among the old shipbuilding yards of that district for about half a century. The ships were launched almost simultaneously from dockyards adjoining each other, and the ceremony gave rise to much rejoicing in the immediate neighbourhood, showing that there is still some activity in the shipbuilding trade on the Thames. One of the vessels was a fine merchantman, called the Mikado, 700 tons register, classed A 1, for 16 years at Lloyd's, and was launched from the yard of Mr. Walker, Lavender Dock, Rotherhithe. She has been constructed upon what is called the composite principle, with the most recent improvements introduced in her build, and it is stated that she is intended for the China trade. There was a large and fashionable company in the yard, a rifle corps band was in attendance, and the ship decked out with flags, and the river studded with boats, loaded with spectators, rendered the scene one of a very animated character. The usual ceremony of christening the ship having been performed, the launch of the vessel was effected in the most successful manner.

THE WIMBLEDON MEETING.—At the ensuing national rifle meeting on Wimbledon Common there will this year be no fewer than eight regimental camps, exclusive of the general camp provided yearly by the National Rifle Association. Consequently the ground which will be covered this year with canvas will be considerably in excess of that of former years. The camps will be as follows, the necessary permission for erecting them having been granted by the association:—The 1st Middlesex (Victoria) Rifles, the 11th Middlesex (St. George's) Rifles, the 15th Middlesex (London Scottish) Rifles, the 21st Middlesex (Civil Service) Rifles, the 26th Middlesex (Her Majesty's Customs) Rifles, the 40th Middlesex (Central London Rifle Rangers), the City of London Volunteer Brigade, and the 1st Surrey Rifles.

THE ALLIED WIFE MURDER NEAR NOTTINGHAM.—At the Shire Hall, Nottingham, on Saturday, Daniel Ruffin, bleacher's labourer, was again brought before the sitting magistrates on suspicion of having murdered his wife, Ann Ruffin, at Bulwell, on the previous Saturday night. The facts of the case have already been given. Mr. Superintendent Palethorpe, in reply to Mr. Patchitt (magistrates' clerk), said he could offer no further evidence against the prisoner. The result of the post-mortem examination of the body of the deceased showed that death took place from natural causes. Prisoner was then bound over in his own recognisances for £100 to appear again when called upon. He appeared very desponding, and while in the dock, before the hearing of the case, he fainted, but ultimately recovered sufficiently to allow the proceedings to go on.

A CABLE ACROSS THE GULF OF MEXICO.—The United States steamer Gettysburg recently sailed from one of the United States ports for the purpose of ascertaining the groundings of the ocean bed for a new line of cable between the British West Indies and the South American shore. It appears that the United States gunboat has successfully accomplished her object so far as the soundings for "deeping" the cable are concerned. After a service extending over two years, many successful soundings have been found in 600 fathoms, while the bottom is muddy, and the entire route admirably adapted for the object in view. Between Jamaica and Cuba the water is very much deeper, ranging as much as 3,000 fathoms.

THE GARDEN.

HARDY FRUIT GARDEN.

WHERE not already done, let the final thinning, pruning, regulating, and nailing of all the current young shoots upon apricots, peaches, and nectarines be concluded with all diligence, for already it has become fully late for such operations. Those, therefore, who have not followed my earlier suggestions in this respect, will run the risk of having an unreasonable amount of wood growth, to the certain injury of the existing crop of fruit, both in regard to the quality, and in many instances quantity; for whenever strong shoots are permitted to grow freely they absorb in the main what support the roots are capable of supplying, and the fruit receives little of it, being in many instances jerked completely off the tree through the want of more elaborated juices necessary to its further progress. Clear away, therefore, all ill-placed, ill-shapen sappy shoots, and select and nail in the best placed ones for the ensuing year. Do not overcrowd any, and should any tree have an undue quantity of stronger shoots at the apex than exists at or near the base, stop the former first, and encourage by this and similar means a more equal growth throughout. Apply these remarks likewise generally to pear, plum, and cherry trees upon walls, and the two former when grown as espaliers. Be careful to supply young trees newly planted with sufficient water to ensure constantly a genial moisture in the soil. Pinch back all shoots upon out-door vines as they continue to form, to within one eye of the place where originally "stopped."

HARDY FLOWER GARDEN.

Thin out all annuals sown in the open borders which are too thick, and which need such attention. Remove all decayed foliage from hardy out-door bulbs, such as jonquils, tulips, crown imperials, &c. Take any up that are necessary, and store them properly away. This is the only proper time to transplant all such bulbous roots, when at perfect rest. Layer choice carnations, pinks, &c., at the earliest possible date. Cut and trim box-edgings, which is best done during moist and showery weather, and above all at this season keep all scrupulously clean and free from weeds in any form.

KITCHEN GARDEN.

Continue to transplant celery from the nursery beds into trenches properly prepared. Transplant in like manner some of the lettuces sown in May, as soon as weather will permit. Sow a full crop of turnip seed for late autumn and winter supply. Allow vegetable marrows to ramble freely out of hand-lights or any other form of protection placed over them. Transplant May-sown endive in a cool, partially-shaded situation. Hoe, and thin out the main crops of parsnips, carrots, &c., where not already done. Transplant lettuce, and keep onion-beds scrupulously clean and free of weeds. Sow a successive supply of dwarf French beans. Plant out brussels, broccolis, savoy, &c., as frequently as more ground becomes vacant. Make another sowing of peas and broad beans. —W. E. in the "Gardener's Chronicle."

A NEW LONDON FLOWER MARKET.

BOTH at home and abroad, flowers are becoming an increasing necessity, and we have often been surprised that greater facilities for their sale in a popular way have not been sought out and provided in our great flower-loving metropolis. There are several places in London where flower markets might be established on the Parisian plan, and we would now especially direct attention to the site at the foot of the Duke of York's column: it would not be in any one's way, and the position is central. If permission were obtained by respectable persons, it might afford a livelihood to women of taste, and find profitable employment for a class of persons now inadequately provided for.—*Morning Post*.

"Gleanings from French Gardens" (Warne and Co.) is the title of a pleasant little work by Mr. W. Robinson, F.L.S., giving an account of such features of French horticulture as the writer considers most worthy of adoption in our English gardens. Mr. Robinson believes that both France and England have in this matter their special points of excellence, and their special defects. The French, he observes, have few large private gardens, laid out in the grandest style, such as we frequently find in our own country; in the culture of stove and greenhouse plants, of the vine in glass-houses, of orchids, and of some vegetables, they are behind us; and their nurseries are smaller and less perfect. "But," adds Mr. Robinson, "when it comes to a supply for their markets, and even for those of other countries, then I am certain that they beat us; and I have never anywhere seen such perfect examples of cultivation at rapid rotation as in the Paris market-gardens—not large, but with every span of the soil at work, and green with abundant crops at all seasons. In fruit-growing they certainly lead; not always, as is commonly supposed, from advantages of climate, but frequently under adverse circumstances. As for city gardening, what has been done in Paris of late years, on the most magnificent scale ever attempted, is beyond all praise, and worthy of the best attention of all interested in town improvement. Finally, the graceful way the French decorate their apartments with plants, and develop beauty of vegetable form, in connection with brilliant flowers, is well worthy our imitation." Mr. Robinson describes with the utmost enthusiasm the present state of the parks and gardens of Paris, and is delighted with the way in which, of late years, trees have been mingled with the solid architecture of the city. All who are interested in this fascinating subject should read Mr. Robinson's volume.

ABYSSINIAN PARASITES.

WHAT could be the "brilliant" parasite which the correspondent of the *Standard* saw growing on the trees in company with the mistletoe, as described in the annexed passage? John Kingston: "On many of the trees are great masses of mistletoe, and here and there we see a very brilliant parasitical plant, quite unlike anything I have ever before seen. Its bark is rough and dark, and its leaves resemble those of the willow, but are more fleshy. The blossoms grow, not upon a stalk, but shoot directly from the bark of the plant itself. They grow very thickly, and exactly resemble in colour and shape the flower of the red variety of honeysuckle. As the plant grows in thick clusters, like the mistletoe, and as each branch is completely covered with blossom, they present a mass of flower, the effect of which is very striking and beautiful."

ACCIDENT TO AN EXCURSION TRAIN.—A serious collision occurred on Saturday morning, near Burscough-bridge, on the Southport and Wigan line. The train which leaves Southport for Liverpool at 8.55 had just passed Burscough-bridge, and was nearing the point of intersection with the Liverpool, Ormskirk, and Preston line, when a train en route from Wigan to Southport, and crowded with excursionists, was seen approaching. The driver of the 8.55 train, seeing that a collision was inevitable, put on all possible speed in order to reach the loop which runs on towards Burscough Junction before the excursion train came up. Notwithstanding all his efforts, however, the engine of the excursion train caught the last carriage and van, seriously damaging the former and smashing the latter to fragments. John Pilling, the guard of the passenger train, was in the van at the time and was with some difficulty extricated from the debris. His escape from death was almost miraculous. The presence of mind and promptitude on the part of the driver of the passenger train in putting on full steam, and thus preventing the train being cut in two, and avoiding the almost certain destruction of many lives, are highly commendable.

LITERATURE.

"Recollections of My Life." By Maximilian I., Emperor of Mexico. 3 vols. (Bentley.)

THESE are unsatisfactory volumes. They are, as it were, flung at the reader as reminiscences of the life of the Emperor "Max," without a word of explanation or guarantee of authenticity. Nothing is said to show if any and what portion has been in print before. The contents consist of journals of travel, ranging from 1851 to 1863, and recording incidents of wayfaring in Italy, Spain, Portugal, Greece, the Mediterranean Islands, and South America. That they are genuine productions of the Archduke Maximilian we do not doubt; but some of the remarks in the first diary have such a familiar sound with them that we cannot help suspecting that this part of the work, at least, has been in print before. If so, it should have been stated. We may conclude, of course, that these volumes are a translation from the German. The second sentence in the first page shows how the German element is retained. "Accompanied by several acquaintances, I put off the dearly-loved shore of Austria." How awkwardly the Archduke himself dealt with similes is to be seen in a profound remark penned in the roadstead of Naples: "As we are living in the age of railways, we cannot do better than swim with the stream." In Albania Maximilian chronicles the droll fact that "there are certain personages who rise like milestones in the past," of which we can only say we should like to see a milestone trying to do it. Again the Archduke stumbles at what was intended, no doubt, for a very poetical simile: "The blue sea," he tells us, like a great eye with its salt tears, marks the earth with the furrows of death, as the tears of the human eye line the countenance with wrinkles."—which they do not.

Of the one man who was not then fully resolved whether Maximilian should serve his purpose or not in Mexico, by acting the hero there,—of Louis Napoleon,—the Archduke makes this record at Algiers: "For the welfare of France, he is not endowed with the martial genius of his uncle, but he evinces on every occasion the mighty spirit of the ruling statesman of his age." This passage, read by the light of the Mexican expedition, in which there was nothing heroic but the death of the dupes and victim, seems like a lugubrious satire. Long before Maximilian was either, he had a strange longing to see the continent that was to be so fatal to him. His eyes were strained to behold the coast of South America, where he first landed when he was but a tourist. When his boat reached the shore, at Bahia, he leapt to the land with a rarely-felt ecstasy. His first day on the soil of America, he remarks, impressed him with its grandeur. It was a special joy to him that he was the first man of his house "to enter the southern hemisphere." Amid all that was strange, the strangest thing was himself. "It seems to me," he writes, "to be a legend that I should be the first lineal descendant of Ferdinand and Isabella for whom, from childhood upwards, it has been a day-dream to visit this continent, now holding so important a place in the history of mankind." His own story now forms a chapter in the history of that continent.

KINGLAKE'S CRIMEAN WAR.

SIR COLIN CAMPBELL AND THE HIGHLANDERS.

"He had, however," says Mr. Kinglake, "so great a confidence in his Highlanders that he judged he could safely impart to them the gravity of the occasion. He rode down the line and said, 'Remember, there is no retreat from here, men! You must die where you stand!' The men cheerily answered his appeal, saying, 'Ay, ay, Sir Colin, we'll do that.' It was whilst our men were lying on their faces at the foot of the hillock that the four Russian squadrons began their advances and it is said that the mission of this detached force was to try to seize one of the batteries connected with the inner line of defence. The horsemen, it seems, rode on, not expecting a combat with infantry; when suddenly they saw the slender line of Highlanders springing up to the top of the hillock. Not unnaturally the Russian horsemen imagined that they were falling into some ambush; and, on the other hand, the men of the 93rd, with a wild impetuosity which was characteristic of the battalion as then constituted, showed a mind to rush forward, as though undertaking to charge and exterminate the cavalry in the open plain; but in a moment Sir Colin was heard crying fiercely, 'Ninety-third! Ninety-third! damn all that eagerness!' and the angry voice of the old soldier quickly steadied the line."

LORD CARDIGAN.

Now turn to Lord Cardigan, who, when appointed to command, was about fifty-seven years old, and had never seen war service. Entering the army late in life, he had, however, "aided partly by fortune, but partly by favour of the Duke of York and the operation of the purchase system," risen very quickly to the position of lieutenant-colonel.

"He had a passionate love for the service, a fair knowledge, it is believed, of so much cavalry business as is taught by practice in England, a strong sense of military duty, a burning desire for the fame which awaits heroic actions, and, finally, the gift of high courage. Lord Cardigan's valour was not at all of the wild, heedless kind, but the result of strong determination. Even from his way of riding to hounds, it was visible, they say, that the boldness he evinced was that of a resolute man with a set purpose, and not a dare-devil impulse. He bore himself firmly in both the duels he fought; and upon the occasion which opposed him to an officer against whom he was bitterly angered, he shot his foe through the body. His mind, although singularly barren and wanting in dimensions, was not without force, and he had the valuable quality of persistency. He had been so constituted by nature, or so formed by the watchful care which is sometimes bestowed upon an only son, as to have a habit of attending to the desires and the interests of self with a curious exactitude. The tendency, of course, was one which he shared with nearly all living creatures; and it was only from the extraordinary proportions in which the attribute existed, and from the absence of any attempt to mask the propensity, that it formed a distinctive peculiarity. When engaged in the task of self-assertion or self-advocacy, he adhered to his subject with the most curious rigour, never going the least bit astray from it, and separating from it all that concerned the rest of creation as matter altogether irrelevant and uninteresting. Others before him may have secretly concentrated upon self an equal amount of attention, but in Lord Cardigan there was such an entire absence of guile, that exactly as he was so he showed himself to the world. Of all false pretences contrived for the purpose of feigning an interest in others he was as innocent as a horse."

NOLAN'S DEATH.

Many minutes elapsed—half, or it may be three-quarters, of an hour—before Lord Raglan sent Nolan with another order. Lord Lucan read it, criticised it as usual, thought the movement enjoined impracticable, and finally provoked Nolan so far as to make him forget the respect due from a subordinate to a superior. Lord Lucan, his passion getting the better of his judgment, decided that Lord Raglan's order meant not an advance of horse along the Causeway hills, to prevent the removal of guns from the Turkish redoubts, but a charge of cavalry down the northern valley against the whole Russian army. There is good reason for thinking that a movement upon the infantry on the Turkish or Causeway hills would have induced Liprandi to draw in his left wing; but overcome by indignation, Lord Lucan did not perceive the facts, and riding over to the Light Brigade, ordered Cardigan to charge "into the jaws of death." After the brigade was formed, and when it was advancing, Nolan appears to have become convinced that it was going in the wrong direction, and he rode diagonally

across the front from left to right, shouting and waving his sword. Lord Cardigan was enraged, because he thought Nolan was trying to inflame the brigade; but Mr. Kinglake fairly surmises that the aide-de-camp was really pointing out the direction—namely, towards the redoubts—in which he knew Lord Raglan desired the advance to be made. At this moment he fell.

"But a Russian shell bursting on the right front of Lord Cardigan, now threw out a fragment, which met Nolan full on the chest, and tore away into his heart. The sword dropped from his hand; but the arm with which he was waving it the moment before still remained high uplifted in the air, and the grip of the practised horseman remaining as yet unrelaxed, still held him firm in the saddle. Missing the perfect hand of his master, and finding the accustomed governance now succeeded by dangling reins, the horse all at once wheeled about and began to gallop back upon the front of the advancing brigade. Then from what had been Nolan—and his form was still erect in the saddle, his sword arm still high in the air—there burst forth a cry so strange and appealing that the hearer who rode the nearest to him has always called it "unearthly." And, in truth, I imagine the sound resulted from no human will, but rather from those spasmodic forces which may act upon the bodily frame when life, as a power, has ceased. The firm-seated rider, with arm uplifted and stiff, could hardly be ranked with the living. The shriek men heard rending the air was scarce other than the shriek of a corpse. The dead horseman rode on till he had passed through the interval of the 13th Light Dragoons. There at last he dropped out of the saddle."

EUROPEAN WAR.—My own belief that war won't break out this year is somewhat shaken by what I see going on. In no former year has drilling been carried on at this season with such unremitting activity. All superfluities are dispensed with. The men are taught how to load, aim, and fire; they are trained in the art of the bivouac; their officers show them how to make themselves comfortable while campaigning; they are taught how they should march in an enemy's country, throwing out flanking parties and scouts; they are put every morning through a course of bugle calls, to ascertain that they understand the advance, the charge, the retreat, the "open fire" and the "cease firing." All this may be perfectly innocuous, but it has never taken place before; and this sort of drill is constantly going on. Once one set of recruits are trained they are sent into the reserve, and their place supplied by a fresh batch. There may be nothing in it; but if so, it is certainly very odd.—*Paris Correspondent of the Standard*.

BUYING AND SELLING A WIFE.—There was a case at the Wakefield Court House, before Mr. Gurney Leatham, in which it appeared that a wife had been bought from her husband for a shilling. A woman of about twenty-seven, named Sarah Jane Ellis, was found on Sunday night in the belfry of Sandal Church, and she was taken charge of by the police. A man named George White now asked that she might be allowed to go away with him. He kept, he said, the Beckett Spa, at Barnsley, and the woman had been living with him as his housekeeper since 1864. He then met with her at a public-house at Barnsley, when she told him that she was starving. At his request she went with him, and after she had been with him sixteen weeks her husband came to his house and offered to give her up for a shilling, which he (White) paid, and it was spent in drink. The woman had been living with him since, and she was subject to fits. If she were allowed to go away with him he would take care of her if she were ill. The woman expressed a desire to go with the man, and she was released.—How far longer will this infamous question of the popular belief in wife selling remain unreferred to in Parliament? It is a crying and degrading evil, more extended in country places than dwellers in towns are at all aware of. The brutalising effect of this belief in the lower orders of society is quite beyond measure. "I'll buy your misers, Tom," Jack, or whatever the name may be, is no uncommon or unfriendly proffer in the provincial districts.

A BATHER DROWNED AT RAMSGATE.—On Monday morning a large number of the W division of the metropolitan police, and other persons, left Brixton by special train for Ramsgate, and among the excursionists was Mr. Irons, of Camberwell-lane, Brixton, by trade an ironmonger and gas fitter. He was accompanied by his wife and several children, and during the journey down he drank rather freely. Soon after he had reached Ramsgate he engaged a bathing machine, and having been in the water some little time he endeavoured to return to the machine, but was, it is supposed, seized with apoplexy, as he expired almost immediately. Three medical men promptly attended, and efforts were made to restore animation, but without success. The deceased was about 40 years of age, and his untimely death occasioned a most painful excitement.

TERRIBLE ACCIDENT AT A COTTON MILL.—On Saturday, a terribly sudden and alarming accident occurred at the Eliton cotton-mill, belonging to Mr. Stott. The mill is 18 windows in length and three stories in height, and had been built about three years. At Christmas last a massive iron cistern, supported by iron beams, was built on the top of the central portion of the mill. The rooms below the cistern were used as hoard and bobbin rooms, the ground floor being used as a stable. On Saturday morning the cistern, by its own weight, broke the supporting iron beams, and crashed through into the stable, completely destroying the floors of the hoard and bobbin rooms. In the stable two men were engaged at the time, one of whom was killed, and the other seriously, but it is hoped not fatally, injured. Considering that 300 persons were employed in the mill, it is remarkable that there was not more casualties.—*Manchester Courier*.

ACCIDENT TO ETHARDO'S COLOURED SERVANT.—During the three days' gala which was last week held in York, one feature of the amusements was the appearance of Ethardo, the spiral ascensionist. On Saturday morning he and his coloured servant, named Jacob Simmons, were engaged in taking down the structure upon which the feat had been performed, the mainstay of which was a long pole running up the centre. All had been removed except the pole, which is in two parts, the bottom of the upper half being let into a socket in the top of the lower. To get down the upper half another long pole had been fastened to the lower, and upon this Simmons was engaged at an elevation of about 30 feet, and Ethardo a little below him, when one of the stays gave way, and the poles and those upon them came down to the ground with a sudden crash. Ethardo, by his agility, succeeded in saving himself from harm with the exception of a shaking, but Simmons was for a long time insensible and had to have surgical attendance.

SHOCKING CASE OF SCALDING.—On Saturday, a lad named William Dyson, aged 15, engaged at the dye-works of Mr. Holroyd, Greetland, near Halifax, was in the act of lifting a bucketful of hot water out of a cistern, when the weight of the vessel caused him to overbalance himself and to fall head foremost into the cistern, which was a quarter full of scalding water. His cries soon brought a fellow-workman to his assistance, and he was speedily rescued, although not before he was shockingly scalded over nearly the whole of his body. What made the matter worse for the unfortunate youth, was the mistaken treatment of him by other men working at the place, who immediately afterwards put him into a tub of cold water, under the idea of checking inflammation, thereby seriously endangering his life. He was afterwards conveyed to the Halifax Infirmary.

LET not your hat spread a false report to your discredit: for of a truth, a shocking bad one tells tales—a small banking account and a purse at a very low ebb. Therefore our advice is this—GO TO THE WESTERN HAT COMPANY'S WAREHOUSE, 403, OXFORD-STREET, just three doors from the new entrance to the SOHO BAZAAR, and try one of their celebrated Paris-napped Hats, at a price that can scarcely be felt.—[ADVT.]

THE EX-EMPRESS OF MEXICO.

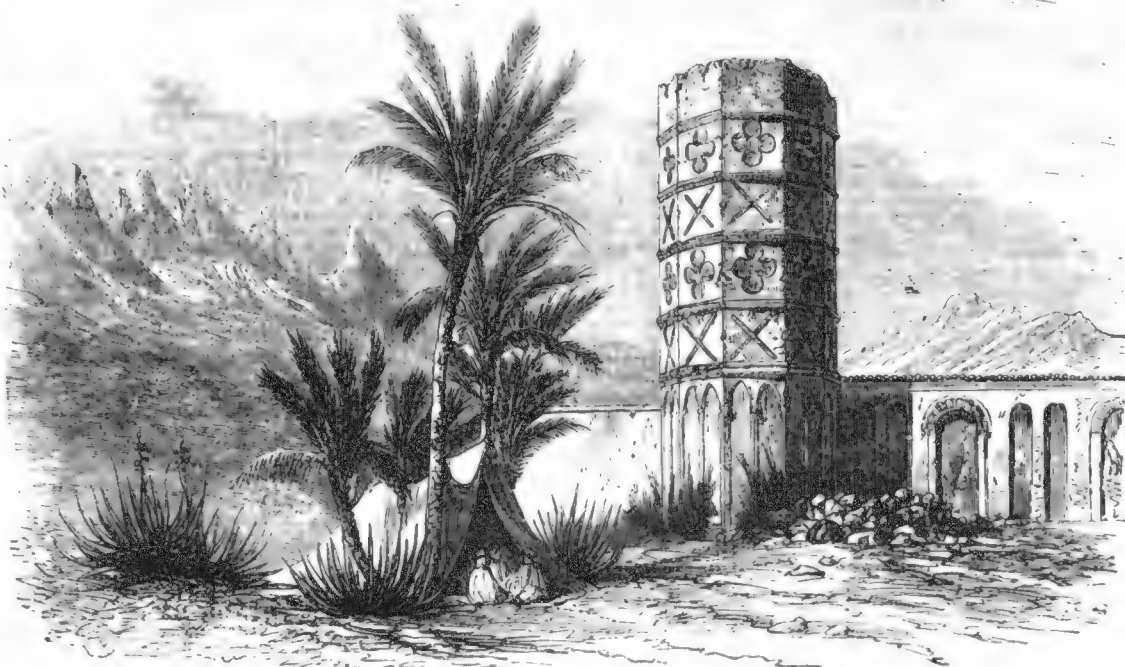
A FRENCH paper says that, rumours having gone abroad that the ex-Empress Charlotte intended to return to Mexico at the call of a powerful party, it made inquiry on the subject of her health, and ascertained from the most reliable source that, "though her condition is improved, her reason is still profoundly affected." "It sometimes happens that she appears quite well. She then speaks, or reads, or plays as in the best period of her life, but with a melancholy recollection of the days she spent in Italy and in Mexico." The multiplied attentions of the King and Queen have contributed, with the beautiful scenery of the Palace of Laeken, to produce this happy result, which unfortunately is not permanent. It has been already stated that she gave 10,000 florins towards the monument to be erected in Trieste to the memory of Maximilian. A golden crown, manufactured at her order in Brussels, was laid on the coffin of the deceased Emperor on the occasion of the religious celebration of the anniversary of his death on Thursday. She saw it before it left Brussels, and bathed it with her tears. Her grief was simple and natural, and showed no symptoms of exaltation.

FALSIFYING VALUES.

THE shopkeepers of Paris appear to be making a good thing out of the expropriation caused by the Haussmannisation of the capital. They evidently think it no crime to rob the public purse, and some of them have had recourse to the most ingenious methods of cheating the revenue. For instance, a wineshop-keeper, whose house had been condemned to the prefect's unmerciful axe, demanded some fabulous sum as an indemnity. The case was referred to arbitration, and the jury, before giving their verdict, visited the premises. When they arrived there they found the place so crammed with customers that there was no getting served. This appeared proof positive of the "roaring" trade done by the plaintiff, whose indemnity was consequently fixed at a very high figure. But, lo and behold! on the next day a number of workmen waited on the commissary of police to inform him of the trick which the wineshop-keeper had played. They say that he had engaged a hundred of them to drink as much as they liked on his premises on a certain day without paying, and in addition he would pay them for the day's work they would lose. The first part of the contract was duly carried out, but when it came to the second the wineshop-keeper refused to pay, whereupon it was decided to appeal to the commissary. It is needless to add that the authorities were soon down on the wineshop-keeper, who had to disgorge.

THE ABYSSINIAN EXPEDITION AND THE SHOHOES.

IN the Socroo Pass the Shohoes always plundered us to a very considerable extent. In return we shot, some say three, others five or six of them, two I believe by mistake, which latter incident they took a good deal to heart. About five days ago Mr. Dufton was riding with two native servants from Rarey Guddy to Endell Wells, when he encountered an armed party of Shohoes, one of whom threw a spear which passed through his body. Mr. Dufton endeavoured to draw his revolver, but while doing so his right hand was cut off and one of his legs nearly severed. His two servants were killed, his property, including about fifty sovereigns, rifled, and he himself left on the road. He was subsequently carried in to Endell Wells. He was then perfectly sensible, and gave a full account of the whole affair, but expired within twenty-four hours. Mr. Dufton published within the last twelve months a very clever and amusing book upon Abyssinia. He was attached to the intelligence department, and was at first employed in superintending Shohoes in road-making, both in the low country and at a point in the pass close to the scene of his death. Subsequently he accompanied the advanced brigades, and was very useful, owing to his knowledge of Arabic and some slight acquaintance with the Abyssinian tongue, in procuring supplies. I remember how at Magdala he contrasted the then emaciated appearance of Theodore's body with the comparative fatness of the King when he had visited him four years



RUINS OF A MOSQUE IN THE VALLEY OF JEDDAH.

before at Debra-Tabor. There are three theories to account for this murderous attack. The first, that it was simply undertaken for spoil; the second, that the Shohoes, before we left the country, were anxious to equalise the number of men killed on each side, as they would consider it a slur on the character of a tribe if it did not avenge the deaths of its members, by exacting life for life; the third, that Mr. Dufton was recognised by some of the men who had formerly worked under him, and who, perhaps, owed him some grudge.—*Own Correspondent. Daily News.*

RUINED MOSQUE, IN THE VALLEY OF JEDDAH.

JEDDAH is situated on the eastern coast of the Red Sea, and is a place of considerable maritime importance. It is one of the holy places of Mahommedism, and its sanctity is increased by its neighbourhood of the reputed tomb of Eve, the great mother of the human race. This famous, if not fabulous, monument is a rude structure of stones. It is about two miles to the north of the town, and, as may be supposed, is a great object of interest to the people, and is continually visited by the fanatic Jeddahites.

accompaniment to the articles which were formerly unmentionable to ears polite? Men are asking each other, what is it? Can it be a decorated apron, in order that the masonic analogy may be fully carried out? Be this as it may, it is impossible to avoid the conviction that the nobles and gentles arrayed in a hybrid, between morning and evening dress, looked rather queer. When the Princess Mary of Teck was married, the blue and brass-buttoned dress coats and the light kerseymeres of the bridegroom and the male guests were thought unfavourable to portly figures; and our observation of the gentlemen engaged at such places as Swan and Edgar's and Waterloo-house confirms this view. The Prince of Wales was credited, some years since, with the desire of modifying the present funeral festive dress, and of establishing a new costume, in which black velvet and knickerbockers should predominate. The Royal breakfast would have been an excellent opportunity for attempting the experiment.—*Express.*

THE CASTLE OF SOURAM.

ACCORDING to historians, this once formidable fortress was built in the second century before Christ. It crowns an isolated rock, which rises like an island between the two arms of a small river in Georgia. On the south-east side of Souram is an embattled wall which almost appears a continuation of the rock itself. Tradition says that one of the lords of Souram bestowed great labour on the construction of this wall, which was to perfect his defence of the fortress. His labour was in vain, for after reaching a certain point, the work always gave way. The architect was in despair, and at length dreamt a way to get over the difficulty. This was by the burial alive of an only son beneath the foundation. One only could be found. This was the son of a poor widow, on whom she entirely depended for her support, but he was sacrificed; and the wall was completed without delay; but it has never thoroughly dried, and the water that oozes out is said to be the tears of the poor mother. The castle is now a ruin, infested with the night birds of the Caucasus and Georgia proper.

GUILDHALL MEETING.

THE meeting in the Guildhall is only a monument of the folly of its promoters. It is of course easy to say that the meeting was packed. No doubt it was packed. There was a plentiful supply of persons on both sides incapable of understanding the merits of the question at issue, and consistently disinclined to listen to any arguments from any person who was opposed to the conclusions they were employed to support. Neither Liberal nor Tory has the better of the comparison. The only good one can hope from the meeting is that it may check the attempt to hold any more of a similar character. Nothing came of it directly. For the immediate purpose for which it was convened it was worthless. It did not even appear which side could outdo the other in clamour, though the comparison would have been futile if it had been possible.—*Times.*



THE CASTLE OF SOURAM, IN GEORGIA.

CARTHAGE.

We give on page 424 a large engraving of Carthage, the most famous city of Africa in antiquity. Dido, fleeing from Tyre, came to this country, where the inhabitants, according to tradition, agreed to give her as much land as could be compassed by an ox hide. Dido cut the hide into small thongs, with which she enclosed a large piece of land. Here she built the Castle of Carthage, and gave the newly-founded state excellent institutions. The Carthaginians carried on their mercantile and warlike successes for about seven hundred years, when the younger Scipio and his Roman soldiers destroyed the city B.C. 146. After this Augustus peopled it afresh, when it again obtained some degree of renown. Nothing is now left of this once magnificent city but heaps of ruins and subterranean vaults.

UNDER THE TREES.

Our sketch under the above head needs no description. Few in their lifetime but have taken a walk "under the trees" with a fair companion, whispering words which are only intended for her ears alone. If the trees like to echo them, well and good, but we shall not; therefore our readers must guess what they are talking about.

PRINCE NAPOLEON.

According to the *Journal de Paris* Prince Napoleon was very rudely received at Munich. On arriving in the Bavarian capital his Imperial Highness sent an aide-de-camp to the King's palace to know when he might have the honour of waiting on his Majesty. A reply was returned that the King had gone on a

OUTRAGE ON LONDON-BRIDGE.

John Collis has been charged with a robbery. On Friday evening Mr. William Brock, a magistrate for Canterbury, was passing over London Bridge, followed by five men, one of them being the prisoner. They suddenly passed him, looked him in the face, and pushed him with much violence against a heavy van that was in the walking rank. John Curtis, a plain-clothes constable, came up, and observing the prisoner snatching something from Mr. Brock's waistcoat pocket, he at once seized him by the hand. He made a desperate rush towards his companions, some of whom struck the officer, and pushed both him and the prisoner against the same van. Curtis still kept hold of the prisoner, who butted his head into his stomach and struck him repeatedly, declaring that he had not the watch. He was at last taken to the police-



UNDER THE TREES.

BALL PRACTICE AT WOOLWICH.

ONE of the most interesting sights which so often take place at Woolwich, is the ball practice of the Royal Artillery. An engraving of one of these scenes we give. The precision of the firing is invariably good, and to watch the shot from the mouth of the cannon to its destination is not only interesting in the highest degree, but instructive. The trip is so short, and of such easy access by river, rail, or road, that those of our readers who wish to pass a few pleasant hours would do well to visit Woolwich on one of these firing days, and they are of continual occurrence.

WALKER'S HALF-GUINEA HATS, equal in appearance and durability to those generally sold at 14s. 6d. each at the usual retail houses.—WALKER, Hatter, 49, Crawford-street, Marylebone. —[ADVT.]

shooting excursion in the mountains, and that it would be difficult to assign any precise time for the interview. As to the other Bavarian princes at present in Munich they ignored the fact that so distinguished a personage had honoured Munich with a visit. The *Journal de Paris* intimates in courtly phrase that Prince Napoleon was very angry, and considered himself very rudely treated. It is not known whether he communicated his impressions to his aides-de-camp, but he must have a very oddly constituted mind if he did not think so. As regards his reception at Vienna nothing could be more courteous. But politically he got "the cold shoulder"—dinners, receptions, serenades, &c., formal visits by great dignitaries, all in uniform, he had plenty of; but as to confidential communication his mission, if he had one, proved a failure. He made one attempt to break through the ice of official formality, but he received a gentle hint that Austria was now a constitutional country, and that business must be conducted through the channel of the Minister for Foreign Affairs.

station. Mr. Brock, who lost a gold watch and chain, a seal, and a key, worth in all about thirty guineas, said he had really a fight for his life, and that he was determined to prosecute.—Partridge, the gaoler, and Sergeant Moss said the prisoner was well known to the police, and that he had just come out of prison.—The Lord Mayor committed the prisoner to the Central Criminal Court for trial, and instructed the City Solicitor to prosecute him.

SATURDAY was a holiday at the Stock Exchange owing to the review at Windsor. Business in the City was everywhere circumscribed through the thin attendance of merchants and others.

In consequence of the Reduction in Duty, Horniman's Teas are now supplied by the Agents, Eightpence per lb. cheaper. Every genuine packet is signed "Horniman and Co."—[ADVT.]

GREY or faded hair restored to its original colour by F. E. SIMON'S AMERICAN HAIR RESTORER. Price 3s. Sold by most Chemists and Perfumers.—[ADVT.]

LAW AND POLICE.

RISK ALLAH v. WHITEHURST AND OTHERS.—
ACTION FOR LIBEL.

The action for libel against the *Daily Telegraph*, brought by Risk Allah Bey, came to a conclusion on Friday. The Lord Chief Justice directed the jury that they must give a verdict to the plaintiff, which, after a long consultation, they did, but stated that they could not agree on the question of damages, there being eleven to one, and inquired if the parties would take the verdict of the eleven. The counsel for the defendants declined to do this, and after being absent for more than two hours and a-half, the jury gave the plaintiff £960 damages.

An action against the *Standard* for libel, in which Risk Allah was the plaintiff, came before the Court of Queen's Bench on Saturday. This case, as in that against the *Daily Telegraph*, arose out of the trial of the defendant at Brussels for the murder of his ward Charles Reilly; but differed from that against the *Telegraph* (which occupied the previous part of the week) in that the correctness of the report of the trial was not impugned. The defendant pleaded that the words complained of were inserted without malice, that an apology had been published, and that 20s. had been paid into court in full satisfaction of any damage that might have been done to the plaintiff. The jury returned a verdict for the defendant. On Monday morning the counsel for Risk Allah made an extraordinary application to Lord Chief Justice Cockburn in respect to the action for libel against the *Standard* which resulted in a verdict for the defendant. It was to stay execution for costs on the ground that the verdict was against evidence. The motion had only the effect of eliciting from the judge an emphatic expression of his approval of the verdict; and the application was refused.

THE CHARGE AGAINST MADAME RACHEL.

On Monday the further examination of Madame Rachel, who was charged with fraud and conspiracy, took place before Mr. Knox at the Marlborough-street Police-court.

The interest excited by the proceedings appeared to have much increased. The court was crowded some time before the hour fixed for the proceedings to commence, and the bench was crowded. Lord Ranelagh, Colonel Street, Colonel Edwards, Lord Henry Lennox, and other gentlemen were present.

Mr. M. Williams appeared for the prosecution, and Mr. Digby Seymour and Mr. Sleight were for the prisoner; Mr. Dering watched the case for Colonel Edwards, and Mr. Abrams for Mr. Rendall the chiropodist.

Mrs. Borrodale sat at the attorney's table with a note book before her.

The prisoner Rachel, otherwise Sarah Leverton was not present.

Mr. D. Seymour.—My client, Madame Rachel, is not present, and I will make the matter as short as possible by explaining the circumstances. Madame Rachel is suffering from great mental and bodily excitement. She has lately been seen by an eminent medical man, Sir J. Ferguson, and I have, therefore, the highest sanction for making an application to you to grant three or four days' postponement of the case. I beg to hand you this certificate:—

"No. 16, George-street, June 22.
"I have just examined and seen Madame Rachel, and hereby certify that she is in such a prostrate condition of body and mind as to be unable to undergo an examination in a public court."
"Wm. Ferguson."

From this certificate you will see, sir, that Madame Rachel is incapable of being present to-day. At my instance Madame Rachel was taken to see Sir William Ferguson. He has seen her, and the result was to convince that gentleman she really could not be present to-day.

Mr. M. Williams.—I do not doubt the eminence of the medical gentleman who has given the certificate, but it would have been more satisfactory had the family doctor—for I suppose Madame Rachel has a doctor—given his opinion on Madame Rachel's condition.

Mr. Knox.—At the examination the other day, when Madame Rachel made her complaint, both Mr. Sleight and myself did all that two men could do; but I am bound to say a more preposterous exhibition never before appeared in a court of justice. I am not, however, satisfied in this matter. I do not see why Madame Rachel, if she is accommodated with an arm-chair near her counsel cannot be present. There are several things to be considered on the side of Mrs. Borrodale and Madame Rachel, and unless I am told that Madame Rachel is insane, I shall not regard very particularly the confused condition in which she appeared when she gave her evidence the other day. Then there is Lord Ranelagh, sitting under an imputation which no gentleman can walk about the streets with comfort to himself while it exists, wishes to clear himself in the witness-box. There is another thing, all the regular business is obliged to stand over at an enormous amount of public inconvenience. I confess I am not satisfied with this state of matters. I think the best course would be for some one to go round and fetch her here in a cab.

Mr. D. Seymour: If she is suffering in mind and body, and in such a condition as to be unable to communicate properly with her solicitor and counsel, that I apprehend is a substantial ground for postponing the case. I am not counsel for Lord Ranelagh, but in the interests of justice, I repeat what I stated the other day, that no reason exists why the friends of Lord Ranelagh should feel in the slightest degree disturbed at what might come out in evidence. But I am bound to say that, as important matters are to be examined into, I do not wish to take a leap in the dark. Names are introduced into the letters, and I am anxious to forbear putting questions to Mrs. Borrodale and giving currency to grave imputations, unless, as a member of the bar, circumstances are in the professional way communicated to me by the attorney who instructs me, that I can make the subject of cross-examination. It is clear to me from the condition in which she appeared the other day at this court that Madame Rachel cannot properly instruct counsel and attorney. In the interests of justice to all parties, in consequence of the painful circumstances set forth in the certificate, I beg, as her counsel, to ask you to grant my application for a short postponement.

After some conversation, however, the case proceeded, and Mr. Montagu Williams called Mrs. Borrodale, who in answer to his questions said—I was arrested for debt on leaving this Court last week, and a detainer was lodged against me at the suit of Madame Rachel. With regard to the letters read, in which Lord Ranelagh and Colonel Edwards's names are mentioned, I have to say that I have not seen my cousin Colonel Edwards for three years. No letters have passed between us. I know nothing of him, but I should know him if I saw him. When the name of William was mentioned in the letters, I asked Madame Rachel what it meant, and she said it was only to create jealousy between Lord Ranelagh and me. The letters were not always about money. I always understood the letters were from Lord Ranelagh. The other person, "William," was a fictitious person.

Mr. Montagu Williams then read from a letter already put in evidence, the following words:—"Had you married me as you promised, in the presence of your three sisters, Frank, Mrs. Lily, and Mr. Stephenson, I should not have written to the Plough Hotel, Cheltenham, to prepare apartments," and said, Who dictated that letter?

Mrs. Borrodale: Madame Rachel, who said Lord Ranelagh had promised to marry me in the presence of the persons mentioned in

the letter, but I had never seen the persons in my life. I resided for three months at 28, George-street, Hanover-square, and for about two years at No. 7, in the same street at Mr. Smith's.

After some conversation between the magistrate and the learned counsel the question was not pressed.

Mr. Rendall: Subsequently a person called upon me relative to Mrs. Borrodale and himself, and I asked him who he was, and he said, "Ranelagh." I replied "Lord Ranelagh," and on his saying "Yes," and that he was the affianced husband of Mrs. Borrodale, I told him that he was an impostor, and ordered him out of my house.

Mr. Seymour: There is no fact before you more than this: a boy stole some letters which were written by him of a character which he does not tell us; and that a person, apparently a young man of twenty, had the letters given to him; but there is no proof that Madame Rachel knew him or that the letters were ever given by her to him.

Mr. Knox: As well as I understand the case, there is a charge of fraud and conspiracy against Madame Rachel, and that Madame Rachel has extracted a large sum of money from Mrs. Borrodale under the pretence that she was to marry Lord Ranelagh; and at the same time we find that a man went to Mr. Rendall and said he was the affianced husband, and was going to marry Mrs. Borrodale. To say that I am not to let this go on the notes, *quantum valet*, is to say too much.

Mr. M. Williams: Describe the person, Mr. Rendall, who called upon you.

Mr. Rendall: He was of light complexion, and had light whiskers, and was about ten years younger than Lord Ranelagh, and had a higher forehead.

Mr. Seymour: I have no questions to ask. I object to the evidence altogether.

Lord Ranelagh was then called by Mr. M. Williams, and said: In consequence of receiving letters from Mrs. Borrodale I communicated with my solicitor, and he communicated with Mrs. Borrodale's solicitor, Mr. Cridland. I believe that something like two years ago a lady was introduced to me by Madame Rachel as Mrs. Borrodale; but I do not recognise her as the Mrs. Borrodale present, without Mrs. Borrodale has a wig on. If Mrs. Borrodale is wearing her own hair she is not the same person I was introduced to.

Mrs. Borrodale: I am.

Lord Ranelagh: The words which passed at the time were "Mrs. Borrodale—Lord Ranelagh." I was told Mrs. Borrodale was present at Beaufort House when there was some conversation about private theatricals. I recollect Madame Rachel that I was prepared to marry Mrs. Borrodale. I have stated this twice on my oath, and I again say it is a gross falsehood and lying story from beginning to end. I wish to make one or two statements further as the elections are coming on.

Mr. Knox: Do not you think when I say that I entirely believe you, and that the whole affair is a gross fabrication, that that is quite enough?

Lord Ranelagh acquiesced in the magistrate's suggestion by sitting down.

Mr. Joseph Pike, jeweller, of No. 138, New Bond-street, said: I remember some diamonds being ordered by Mrs. Borrodale, a diamond necklace and tiara. I took them to Madame Rachel's for approbation. They were not left there—certainly not. I was subsequently paid £100 to take them back, being referred by Mrs. Borrodale to her family solicitor, and I received the money from him.

Mr. W. Procter, draper, of No. 155, Brompton-road, said: I supplied goods to the order of Mrs. Borrodale to the amount of £150, some of them suitable for a wedding, and I sent them to 47A, New Bond-street.

Mr. Smith, of No. 7, George-street, Hanover-square, said: Mrs. Borrodale lodged with me for about a year and nine months. A gentleman came there once and was shown into the sitting-room. He gave no name and I did not let him in. I told the servant to show him up-stairs. No gentleman was in the habit of coming there to visit her.

Another discussion here took place, chiefly referring to the prejudice alleged by Mr. Seymour to be felt against Madame Rachel by Mr. Knox. Finally Mr. Knox said: I wish to have the last few words, that my protest may appear last in this matter. Mr. Seymour thinks that my course is an injustice to his client. I think his course would produce great injustice to other parties. I will to-morrow give my decision on the court to which the case shall be sent.

Madame Rachel, otherwise Sarah Leverton, was finally brought before Mr. Knox, at Marlborough-street, on Tuesday. The prisoner had none of the appearances of either indisposition or insanity so strongly insisted upon by her counsel.

Mr. Knox said as he understood it was the desire of Mr. Roberts (attorney for the prisoner) to have the case tried at the Central Criminal Court, he thought as the proceedings had attracted a great deal of attention and the circumstances surrounding it were peculiar, that the request was not an unreasonable one. Lord Ranelagh, who was, he believed, entirely innocent of any relation to these proceedings, was a Middlesex magistrate, and he was also desirous that the case should not come on at the Middlesex Sessions.

The Magistrate then very carefully went through the case, adding that the plea put forward on Madame Rachel's part for postponement was only a dilatory plea, trumped up for the purpose of impeding the course of justice. This opinion on his part was grounded on his own observation, and on proofs that Madame Rachel had been seen about the court daily last week, and yet when the case came on Monday her health suddenly broke down as stated, and supported by Sir W. Ferguson's certificate, to which he should have been willing to bow with respect had it been fortified by Sir W. Ferguson's personal testimony or the testimony of any respectable medical man. The plea of illness not being accepted, Madame Rachel was sent for, and she was placed in the clerk's office, where she remained during the whole of the examination, and where her appearance and demeanour were such as to lead the officers who saw her to the belief that there was nothing in her manner to prevent her from making her appearance in court. Under these circumstances he must think that a gross fraud was contemplated. Mrs. Borrodale's case stood uncontradicted, except by the assertion of the loan of £500. There might be in the background complete and overwhelming evidence in the contrary, but as long as the prisoner declined to bring it forward he must take the case as it stood in its strength, and send the prisoner for trial. He hoped that all that had come from him on the case would be told to the judge who should try the case.

Mr. Roberts said he would reserve his client's defence. He would not call any witnesses, and these only application he had to make was respecting bail.

Mr. Knox said he had hitherto taken bail somewhat doubtful, on the assurance of Mr. Proggatt that the prisoner would surrender to the bail. He must now call upon the prisoner to find substantial bail, two sureties in £1,000 each, with 24 hours' notice. The prisoner could sit in the clerk's room till bail arrived, in the custody of an officer.

Inspector Silvester said he would provide two constables. The prisoner was then fully committed.

DISHONOURING A CHEQUE.—An action was brought on Saturday in the Court of Exchequer against the London and County Bank, for dishonouring a cheque. The plaintiff, Mr. Talley, had an account at the Knightsbridge Branch, and paid £25 into the branch at Reading, with directions to transfer it to his account. The bank transferred it, by mistake, to the account

of a Mr. Tallis, and when plaintiff next drew a cheque, it was dishonoured on the ground that there was not sufficient standing to the plaintiff's credit to satisfy the cheque. It was explained that the mistake arose from the indistinctness of plaintiff's handwriting; but a verdict was entered for him, damages £60.

THE TICHBORNE CLAIM.—Mr. Leacock Webb appeared on Saturday, in Vice-Chancellor Stuart's court, on behalf of the well-known claimant to the Tichborne property; and applied for a decree according to the minutes of which it was proposed that the applicant should have liberty to take such proceedings at law to substantiate his title to the estates in the pleadings mentioned, by ejectment or otherwise, as he should be advised; and that the defendant, the infant who, by himself or his trustees and guardians, is now in the possession of the estates, might be restrained from setting up in such action any terms, charges, orders, proceedings, and legal estates, or any or either of them, as a defence thereto, and might be ordered to produce all deeds and other muniments of title at the trial of such action. The Vice-Chancellor, after expressing his opinion that the application ought not to be taken as a short one, ordered the causes to stand over, and to be set down again for further argument.

CHARGE OF LARCENY.—At the petty session, held on Friday at Romford, Edward Picton Baumgartner (late a captain in the army), of The Marshalls, Romford, was charged with feloniously stealing hay and other articles the property of Michael Benjamin. Mr. Straight said the charge against the defendant was laid under a particular section of the Larceny Act, which provided that whoever, being a bailee of property held as security, shall convert the same to his own use, except in respect to the use of the owner, may be convicted thereof. Therefore the charge they brought against the defendant was one of direct larceny—that of stealing various articles the property of a gentleman named Benjamin. On the 28th of February last defendant gave a deed of absolute assignment to the prosecutor. Appended to that deed was a schedule describing the articles referred to. At the time the schedule was made the various articles were as follows:—Fifteen cows, twelve calves, two horses, a flock of hay consisting of seventy loads, and other things, which were upon the premises and being in the schedule were legally in the possession of Mr. Benjamin. It appeared that almost immediately after the schedule was made out—nay, almost at the very time—defendant was dealing very extensively with the hay transferred to Mr. Benjamin and selling a cow. Evidence being given in support of this statement, a lengthy argument between the defendant's counsel and Mr. Straight (on a point of law took place. The Bench committed the defendant for trial. He was admitted to bail, himself in £100 and two sureties in £50 each. The court was much crowded owing to the position occupied in the neighbourhood by Mr. Baumgartner.

YEATMAN v. PRICE.—The plaintiff in this case (Court of Common Pleas) was a barrister, and the defendant was also a member of the bar and a Queen's counsel. The plaintiff had sued for a dissolution of marriage, and the defendant was retained as counsel for the wife. The declaration in the present case alleged that the defendant falsely and maliciously, and under colour and in fraud of his retainer, spoke of the plaintiff as a barrister, and member of a circuit, these words: "He is a cunning, clever man, well skilled in getting up cases; he is no ordinary man; he has had the advantage of an education at college; he has had a legal education to fit him for the bar, and he has had a long experience in the practice of the courts and the getting up of cases; he is a man to whom the whole machinery of the law is as familiar as the alphabet, and he has devoted the whole of his skill in weaving a net to catch his poor, unwary, trusting wife; he has used his knowledge and intelligence in order to trump up a false charge of adultery against a virtuous and innocent woman, in order that he may marry a rich woman at Nottingham, to whom he is engaged. He has procured testimony against the lady by employing a publican named Burton to bribe witnesses to come forward to swear falsely against her by promising to them some of the wealth he hopes to obtain from the lady he has engaged to marry. His conduct was one long, cruel scheme to get rid of a loving and affectionate wife." The plaintiff appeared in person; and the Attorney-General, the Solicitor-General, and Mr. Kemplay for the defendant.—After a hearing of some length, Mr. Yeatman elected to be nonsuited.

WOMEN BEATERS.—Timothy Murphy, a porter in Newgate Market, was charged on Monday before Alderman Causton with having committed a most violent and brutal assault on his wife, who appeared with her head bound round with hospital bandages and strappings on various parts of her head. She was called into the witness-box, but for some time objected to be sworn. She said she did not wish to hurt her husband. It was very hard for her to appear against him, but all she wanted was that he should be bound over to keep the peace. She said that what he did was accidental, and it was only a small cut, but that the surgical bandages made her look a fright.—In reply to Mr. Martin's questions, she said that about five o'clock on Friday evening the prisoner came home the worse for drink, and commenced a row because she had no dinner for him. He had given her a shilling to get dinner for him, and she had spent it, partly in beer, and had no dinner before him when he came home. Prisoner struck her with the rung of a chair, but he did not intend to do it. He did not break the chair. The rung was out of the chair, and lying on the floor. She once locked him up for beating her, but did not appear against him. That was about twelve months ago. (The officer produced the alleged rung, and it turned out to be a stout leg of a Windsor chair.) He only struck her one blow on the side of the head, and it was not much; but the surgical bandages made it look more.—The prisoner, in defence, said that he went home to dinner and found nothing for him to eat and his wife drunk in bed. He woke her up, and then she attacked him. Then he only pushed her from him, when she fell and hurt her head.—Alderman Causton told the prisoner he might thank Providence that he had not to answer the charge of murder instead of assault. He then sentenced him to six months' imprisonment with hard labour, and at the expiration of that term to enter into his own recognisances in the sum of £10 to keep the peace for six months more.

DRIVERS AND PEDESTRIANS.—A poor man named Robert Buck appeared before Mr. Peget at the Thames Police Court to ask his advice under rather singular circumstances. He stated that on the 12th instant he was coming out of the East India Dock, when a van drawn by one horse, and driven at a furious pace, knocked him down. He sustained severe injuries in one shoulder, several ribs, and his right foot. Ever since he had been under medical treatment and unable to do any work, so that his wife and family were in difficulties. The owner of the horse and cart was Mr. James Ware, of Castle-court, Lawrence-lane, Cheshire; and on calling upon him for compensation he was treated very inconsiderately. Mr. Ware stated that his man had run over an alldemon the previous week; that they had run over many others; and if he had to put his hands in his pockets to pay everybody they upset he would soon be ruined.—Mr. Peget: What are you, and where do you live?—Applicant: I am a hammerman, and reside at 80, Flint-street Poplar.—Mr. Peget advised applicant to fix upon a fair and moderate sum as compensation, and demand it from Mr. Ware. If it was not paid he would grant a summons. He was not aware it was a greater offence to knock down or run over an alldemon than an ordinary man.—Buck said the toes of one foot were crushed, and he was in great pain.—Mr. Peget: It is probable some respectable attorney will take up the case for you, if you consult one, and stop Mr. Ware's men from running over alldemons and others. If you did not contribute to the accident you ought to be remunerated. Now wait on Mr. Ware, and take a witness with you, as early as possible.

THE SUN FIRE OFFICE.

MASTERS V. LEFEVRE.

This was an action in the Court of Queen's Bench to recover from the Sun Insurance Company £1,500, the value of a fire policy in that office. The defendants by their plea charged the plaintiff with having set fire to the premises, and made a fraudulent claim. Mr. Serjeant Blandford, in stating the case to the jury, said he hoped before the case was concluded the defendants would find they had made a most grievous error in putting the plea they had on the record, there being not the slightest foundation for them. The plaintiff carried on business as a tobacconist, photographer, and general fancy dealer at Aldershot, and he had furnished and stocked the premises at considerable expense, and was carrying on a respectable trade at a fair profit. In November, 1865, the plaintiff insured the premises, and subsequently he increased the insurance to £1,500. The fire took place about three o'clock on the night of the 22nd Feb., 1867—the only persons on the premises being the plaintiff, his father-in-law, and the servant, Martha Payne. His wife and child were absent in London, having gone to London to consult a medical man. Previous to retiring to rest plaintiff and his father-in-law remained until about a quarter to eleven o'clock, but it was not suggested that the fire arose from any accident arising out of that. It would appear that about three o'clock in the morning the girl was awoke by the room being full of smoke. She jumped up, ran out of the room, and with considerable difficulty awoke her master, who alarmed his father-in-law, and they escaped by the back premises. The barrack engines were speedily on the spot, but the premises burnt with rapidity, and very little of the property was saved. A large amount of salvage and debris were afterwards found, corresponding to the description of the stock the plaintiff stated was on his premises. The company instituted inquiries, and the servant girl was interrogated, but nothing was elicited from her. However, about three months after the inquiry the plaintiff, his father-in-law, and the servant girl were charged with arson and committed for trial. The plaintiff in the interim had gone to reside with his brother, who kept a shop in another part of Aldershot, and during his temporary absence in London a fire took place on his premises, and he was afterwards charged with conspiring to defraud the company in reference to that fire. The charge came on to be tried at the Winchester Assizes before Mr. Justice Keating. The grand jury ignored the bill for arson on the plaintiff's premises, but found the bill of conspiracy to defraud, and on the trial they were acquitted early in the case by direction of the learned judge. The defendants had refused to pay the insurance money, and by their plea charged the plaintiff again with arson. The girl, in consequence of her being in prison awaiting her trial, had lost her character, and she had been obliged to have recourse to a line of life which did not enable her to come before them in so favourable a position as she (the learned serjeant) could have wished, but still she would be found to be the witness of truth. The plaintiff was called. He deposed that his stock at the time was worth £1,000, the shop fittings £300, and furniture over £200. He had about 7 gross of vases in stock at the time of the fire. The fire was discovered to be in the counting-house of No. 5, which communicated with No. 4, both houses being in his occupation. Everything it was possible to save was removed after the fire was discovered. Up to this time he had no idea how the fire originated. His mother carried on a similar business in Aldershot, and also his brother, but at different shops. His mother's shop was originally insured in his name. He supplied her with goods; she paid the rent and taxes. A fortnight after the fire another occurred next door to his mother's, and her house was burnt. Four months afterwards he was apprehended for this fire. He and his mother, brother, sister, and servant, were committed for trial, and afterwards acquitted.

Cross-examined: Persons were not passing to and from the house and the photographic studio before the alarm of fire was given. He went to his brother's before alarming the neighbours. He had to make a second visit to his brother's before getting his assistance. A man named Hall, said he must not go in until the firemen came up, as he was partially insured.

Plaintiff was cross-examined at considerable length as to his business transactions.

The case was not concluded at the time we went to press.

CUTTING AND WOUNDING.

HENRY WOODS, 20, living at 34, Craven-street, Hoxton, and described as a cabinetmaker, was charged at Worship-street with wilfully and maliciously cutting and wounding Henry Roberts, with intent to inflict grievous bodily harm.—The prosecutor, also a cabinetmaker, of No. 32, Lever-street, St. Luke's, deposed that, on Monday, while out together, the prisoner and he began sparring in joke. The prisoner gave him a tip on the mouth, and he returned one on the cheek, which seemed to greatly exasperate the prisoner, for, with sudden fury, he rushed at him, seized him by the throat, and grasped at it so tightly that he (the prosecutor) was almost strangled. With an exercise of strength, however, prosecutor released himself, when prisoner immediately drew from his pocket a clasp knife, with which he, having opened it, thrust savagely at him. Witness, however, ran away, and walked on the other side of the pavement. In about ten minutes thinking that the prisoner's headstrong passion would have cooled, he again crossed to him. He was at the time talking to a companion, but on seeing prosecutor, he with the open knife, rushed at him, and made a furious blow at his head. Prosecutor "bobbed" down, but could not clear the knife, which passed across his scalp, causing an extensive flesh wound, and covering him with blood. Prisoner's companion, a young fellow named Moore, struggled with him for the knife, and the prisoner threatened to have one big enough to go into him. Witness soon after gave

the prisoner into custody, and his wound was dressed by the divisional surgeon.—Police constable Charles Murphy, 198, N, in charge of the case, said that the surgeon and the witness Moore were not in attendance.—The prisoner was remanded, in order that they might appear, a summons being ordered to issue for Moore.

CHARGE BY LORD RANELAGH AND EXTRAORDINARY DEFENCE.

At the Marlborough street Police-court on Wednesday morning, Louisa Gould, an unfortunate, was charged before Mr. Knox with assaulting Lord Ranelagh, who resides at No. 7, New Burlington-street.

Lord Ranelagh said: Last night I was walking along Piccadilly, when this woman accosted me, and asked me to give her some money. She said she was a milliner, and that she had two little milliners, if I would like to go and see them. I walked away and she followed me, and again asked me for money, and on my telling her to go away she knocked my hat off and my cigar out of my mouth. The reason why I charged her was because I thought that the next time she met me she might knock my teeth out. The woman is well known at the police-station.

Mr. Knox: Does your lordship know the prisoner?

Lord Ranelagh: I have known her for about seven years.

The prisoner: We have been on the best of terms, I can assure your worship. I have been a good friend to you, Lord Ranelagh, when you have been short of money. Although you are a lord, you know you are poor. I met you last night in Piccadilly, and told you that you had forgot to remit me some money you promised me. When I met you before, you told me that you had been in Kent with your rifle corps, and you then gave me all the money you had about you, half-a-crown. I have seen you often, and been to your house repeatedly, and I am surprised you speak of me in the way you do.

Mr. Knox (to prisoner): Whatever your previous cause of complaint against Lord Ranelagh may be, if you really have any at all, you have no right to assault him. I presume, Lord Ranelagh, that all you require is not to be molested in future?

Lord Ranelagh: That is my object. The prisoner: Why do you not pay me the 7s. 6d. you owe? It is not much, and you know that you owe it to me.

Mr. Knox: I shall order the prisoner to find bail to keep the peace towards Lord Ranelagh and all the Queen's subjects.

THE PHARMACOPŒIA.

AN extract from the second edition (page 188) of the translation of the Pharmacopœia of the Royal College of Physicians of London, by Dr. G. F. Collier, published by Longman and Co.:—"It is no small defect in this compilation (speaking of the 'Pharmacopœia') that we have no purgative mass but what contains aloes; yet we know that hemorrhoidal persons cannot bear aloes, except it be in the form of

COCKLE'S PILLS,

which chiefly consist of aloes, scammony, and colocynth, which I think are formed into a sort of compound extract, the acidity of which is obviated, I suspect, by an alkaline process, and by a fourth ingredient (unknown to me) of an aromatic tonic nature. I think no better and no worse of it for its being a patent medicine. I look at it as an article of commerce and domestic convenience, and do not hesitate to say it is the best made pill in the kingdom—a muscular purge, and a mucous purge, and a hydrogogue purge, combined, and their effects properly controlled by a dirigent and corrigent. That it does not commonly produce hemorrhoids, like most aloe pills, I attribute to its being thoroughly soluble, so that no dissolved particles adhere to the mucous membrane."

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roughly cleansing the skin—the pores of which, from our habits of clothing, &c., are liable to become stopped, thus obstructing the escape of the fluids before alluded to, and inducing a numerous class of diseases; indeed, three-fourths of those with which mankind is afflicted are attributable to this cause alone; the fluids known as sensible and insensible or gaseous perspiration, being as unfit to be thrown back upon the system, to be used a second time, as is the air which has been once ejected from the lungs, which, it is well known, cannot be breathed again and again without becoming destructive to health, and very speedily even to life itself; and these fluids must be thrown back if nature be resisted in her efforts to dispose of them, which, in civilised life, is unquestionably the case; hence arise indigestion, headache, loss of appetite, languor or debility, stupor, restlessness, faintings, evil forebodings, inaptitude for business or pleasure, and those diseases already enumerated, which the savage knows not of; these may be mostly, if not entirely, obviated by proper attention to the state of the skin. And here it should be remarked, how erroneous is the notion entertained by many, that when they have washed themselves, or taken a bath, that everything necessary has been done—the fact being, that water will have little or no effect in dissolving the incrustation, so to speak, of the dried or obstructed perspiration. It is therefore recommended that a little of the Medicated Cream be used daily, or at all events before washing or taking a bath.

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